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Great Britain and the Dominions Overseas

WEMBLEY OF NORTH OPENS IN NEWCASTLE

Great Exhibition Occupies 120-Acre Site in Tyneside, With Buildings for Engineering and Industry

MARKETING BOARD HAS FINE PAVILION

Canadian Maple Is Used for Hardwood Flooring—Demonstrates Empire-Grown Foodstuffs

ON May 14 the Prince of Wales opened the Northeast Coast Exhibition of Industry, Science and Art at Newcastle-on-Tyne

The "Wembley of the North," as this exhibition has been called, occupies a commanding site, 120 acres in extent, and is to run from May to October. The two main buildings are the Palace of Engineering and the Palace of Industry. The exhibits in the Palace of Engineering are chiefly connected with the typical heavy trades of the Northeastern district of England, mainly shipbuilding, bridge building, marine engineering and collieries. In the Palace of Industry are the lighter trades and the chemical industry, which latter has become an important factor in the Tyneside district. In both buildings a great number of the exhibits consist of working models. Approximately 75 per cent of the exhibitors are Northeast Coast firms.

The most important feature of the exhibition to Canada, is the pavilion erected in the grounds by the Empire Marketing Board. This pavilion, which has been widely commented on by the press as being one of the outstanding features of the exhibition, has been designed for the purpose of showing home, dominion and colonial products respectively.

The pavilion consists of two floors, the lower containing space for showing moving picture films of the Empire and its industries, and a reception room paneled and floored with Empire timbers, and containing period furniture made from Empire woods. In connection with the reception room, arrangements have been made for Canadian maple to be used in a section of the hardwood flooring. The ground floor also contains a model kitchen in which demonstrations will be given of the cooking of dishes prepared throughout from Empire products.

On the upper floor of the pavilion a centre court has been arranged which illustrates the various activities of the Empire Marketing Board itself. On one side is a display of home products, and on the other an exhibit of the products of the dominions and colonies. This overseas section showing dominion and colonial products is being taken in turn and has been arranged for the period most suitable from a seasonal standpoint to each section of the Empire. Canada is taking part from September 2 to 28, says Mr. Harry A. Scott, Canadian Trade Commissioner at Liverpool.

ODD FELLOWS HEAR ANNUAL REPORTS

Nearly 2,000,000 Numbered in Brotherhood With Capital of $120,000,000

Figures showing the progress of mutual thrift in a year of industrial depression were given by Mr. E. Heather, Grand Master, at the opening session in Portsmouth of the annual conference of the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows. Mr. Heather is the first member of the Royal Naval Lodge to fill the office of Grand Master of the Order. There were present some 87[illegible] delegates. Mr. Heather expressed high approval of the Peace Pact as one of the greatest steps ever taken toward universal brotherhood and peace.

The Grand Master, in his presidential address, said their independent membership was 1,111,082, and their State insured membership 833,186, a total of nearly 2,000,000, and their capital was £24,091,736. Though industrial depression, with a large amount of unemployment, had continued during the year, it was a matter for congratulation that there was a net increase of members of 11,158, and the secessions were the lowest recorded for a number of years past. Financially there was steady and continued progress. The interest earnings on accumulated capital amounted approximately to £1,000,000. While the contributions paid by members were £1,093,044, the society actually paid in benefits £1,464,841. The interest-earning capacity of the funds enabled lodges to pay out in benefits £371,796 more than the amount paid in contributions, an amount equal to 8s. 7½d per member per year. It was a great achievement, and the Manchester Unity stood in an unequalled position as a society which could guarantee its contracts for all time to its members.

LONDON POLICE COSTS

Over Twenty Million Dollars Paid Annually in Wages in World's Metropolis

A report showing the sums received and expended for the purpose of the Metropolitan Police and police courts for the year ended March 31 last has been published. It shows that at the beginning of this year the strength of the Metropolitan Police Force was 19,780, consisting of five chief constables, thirty-six superintendents, 653 inspectors, 2,917 sergeants and 16,169 constables.

The accounts show total receipts, including a balance of £1,157,352 on April 1, 1928, of £9,316,038. The payments amount to £8,139,089, leaving a balance of £1,176,949. The chief sources of receipts were: Parliamentary votes, £2,389,530; local taxation, £1,153,236; rates, £3,583,447; police services at Government departments, etc., £360,266; police services to public companies and private individuals, £15,863; fees, fines, and penalties, £65,551.

Largest Lifeboat

The Princess Mary, built at Cowes, Isle of Wight, as an experiment in lifeboat construction, has fulfilled all of the designer's expectations. The craft, which cost $70,000 to build, will accommodate more than 300 persons. It is provided with radio apparatus and motors and is unsinkable.

WILL EXPLOIT THE DEAD SEA

Minerals Valued at About $1,200,000,000,000 to Be Recovered From Lake in Palestine

$50,000,000 WORTH OF GOLD INCLUDED

The vast mineral resources of the Dead Sea, estimated to have a value as high as $1,200,000,000,000, are at last to be released to the world. A syndicate headed by Major T. G. Tulloch, an engineer who surveyed the region in 1917 by order of General Allenby, and Moses Novomejsky, a Russian engineer and citizen of Palestine, recently closed a contract with the British Government granting them the right of exploitation.

The Dead Sea is a unique geological formation of Palestine, and for many thousands of years has been storing up its chemical treasures of potash and other valuable salts. It was formed, so geologists say, by a fracture caused after the Eocene period when an earth movement raised the whole region out of the sea. In the Pleistocene era the fracture was filled with water, making a lake 200 miles long. The lake gradually became smaller, until it is now only forty-seven miles long, situated 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea.

In 1925 the British Government published figures on the minerals estimated to lie in the Dead Sea waters. These included 2,000,000,000 tons of potassium chloride, 12,000,000,000 tons of sodium chloride (salt) and large amounts of calcium and magnesium chloride and magnesium bromide. In addition, a French scientist, Dr. Georges Claude, contends that the gold in the Dead Sea if recovered would be worth $50,000,000.

The reason for the neglect of this mineral treasure house previous to the world war is found in the fact that it was the private property of the Sultans of Turkey, who opposed the introduction of Occidental methods and industries.

LADY HAIG STOPS FUND'S DIVERSION

Proposal to Include Prewar Claims to Participation in Poppy Day Donation Ends

Lady Haig intervened dramatically during a heated discussion at the British Legion conference at the Queen's Hall, London recently.

Feeling ran high during the consideration of a resolution that postwar and prewar members of the fighting forces should share in the benefit of Poppy Day donations.

Speaking with considerable emotion, Lady Haig said:

"I should like to tell you what I know my husband would have felt. I know that he meant the funds to go to those who fought in the Great War. I should like to add that my husband saw a great deal of the terrible distress among ex-service men who fought in the war and I have seen a great deal of it since he passed away. No money should go anywhere else except to those who fought in the war."

Lady Haig's appeal was received with loud applause and the resolution was immediately withdrawn.

$1,575 FOR $25

Secondhand Chairs Bought for Nominal Price Prove to Be Prize Winners

Bought for £5 a few years ago at a sale, two old chairs were recently sent by a Sittingbourne man to Christie's where, under the hammer they realized £315. They were a pair made by Hepplewhite.

FAMOUS YARD ROUNDS FIRST TEN DECADES

Headquarters of Renowned Police Force Celebrates 100th Anniversary of Organization

KNOWN TO FANS OF DETECTIVE TALES

C.I.D. Has Unique Reputation in Detection of Crime in Many Parts of World

SCOTLAND Yard, known to every devourer of detective fiction the world over, has just turned its centenary. The present Yard, the big turreted Scottish baronial building overlooking the Thames at Westminster Bridge, has only been in use since 1891, but "the Yard," as a synonym for London's police headquarters, is an expression which has been common ever since the first headquarters was set up near Trafalgar Square in an alley named Scotland Yard.

The Metropolitan Police force has just rounded out its first century. Strictly speaking, it was not actually started until 1830, but it was authorized by Sir Robert Peel's Metropolitan Police act of 1829 and it may therefore be regarded as 100 years old.

Its birthday was observed last month when 7,000 men, chosen from all its branches, paraded in Hyde Park and marched to Buckingham Palace, where the Prince of Wales reviewed them.

The famous C.I.D.—the Criminal Investigation Department—which is as widely known among detective fiction fans as "the Yard" itself, was not started until 1878, but its 900 detectives were well represented in the centenary parade in Hyde Park. Invisible though their work is, they are as essential a part of the great police machine as the familiar Bobbies who thump the pavements of London or lift a white-gloved forefinger to manipulate the traffic. Any connoisseur of detective fiction knows more about the C.I.D. than the C.I.D. knows about itself.

JOHN PEEL CENTENARY

Americans to Honor Memory of Famous Hunter Among Hills of Cumberland

Amid the Cumberland hills, on the spot where John Peel held the meets of his foxhounds, pink-coated huntsmen and fair women, with hunting folk from America, will gather shortly to celebrate a "Peel Centenary." American voices will be raised in singing the grand old song which has carried John Peel's hunting valor throughout the world.

ULSTER DRYS MEET CRUSHING SETBACK

All Three Candidates Defeated at Polls and Local Option Appears Doomed

The general election in Northern Ireland has resulted in a complete debacle for the drys who demanded local option on the Scottish model as a prelude to full-blooded prohibition.

Up to a few weeks ago the organizers of the movement were boasting that they had more than a dozen champions prepared to fight the seats in every part of the province, but by nomination day these had dwindled to three, two standing in Belfast and one in a rural constituency in County Antrim. All three, in spite of strong backing by the Presbyterian and Methodist clergy, were heavily defeated, and the blow to the drys was the more severe as the Government candidates opposing them were second-rate politicians.

Lord Craigavon, more astute than some of the members of his cabinet, who desired to compromise, always insisted that the demand for local option had no popular driving force behind it and would not survive the test of the ballot box. Leaving nothing to chance, however, he had very skilfully driven a wedge between the leaders of the Protestant churches and their prohibition extremists by obtaining a declaration from the former that in the interests of Ulster it was essential that his Government should be returned by the largest possible majority.

FOX FIGHTS DOGS

Stands Off Greyhound and Whippet, but Mongrel Proves Too Many

Three dogs—a greyhound, a whippet and a mongrel—were involved in a fierce fight with a fox which had wandered on to a lonely farm near Hinckley. The greyhound was so badly mauled that it is not expected to recover and the whippet was badly bitten on the back. The fox held its own until the mongrel arrived, and it was then overpowered and killed.

"New" Scotland Yard as It Is Today

The modern headquarters of London's police force from the River Thames. Its large and imposing buildings are in eloquent contrast to its humble predecessor.

LOCOMOTIVE ORDERS

Thirty-Nine Engines and Tenders to Be Built in England for Indian Lines

One of the largest orders for locomotives for India placed in recent years has been secured by the Vulcan Foundry, Limited, of Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire, in the face of severe Continental competition. The order is for thirty-nine engines and tenders for the Indian State Railways, fourteen of which are for the Northwestern Railway and twenty-five for the Great Indian Peninsular Railway. The engines are of the new Indian Standard XA type with 4-6-2 wheel arrangements and weigh 108 3-4 tons each in working order. Twenty-six engines of the same type, the first of the new design, were also built at the Vulcan Foundry and shipped to India earlier this year. The Vulcan Foundry is one of the oldest locomotive builders in the world, and the company will celebrate its centenary next year.

PALESTINE FINDS INDUSTRIES GROW

Latest Statistical Survey Shows Increased Number of Employees and Establishments

Industrial establishments in Palestine have increased to 513, employing 5,000 workers and having about $7,500,000 invested capital, according to a statistical survey made by Davar, the Hebrew labor daily. The Ruttenberg works, employing 700 persons, were not covered by the survey.

At the Palestine and Near East Exposition, held in Tel Aviv this Spring, it was asserted that Jewish settlers had initiated and developed industries employing 8,000 workers and participated in by 600 concerns.

The Tel Aviv fair was a big success financially.

The figures on immigration and emigration show that immigrants to the country during April were 417, including 322 Jews, whereas there were 172 emigrants, including 70 Jews. The birth and death statistics showed that the birth rate per thousand were 60 Christians, 75 Moslems, 42 Jews, whereas the death rate per thousand was 22 Christians, 37 Moslems and 12 Jews.

SMALLPOX VICTIMS

Of Twenty-Two Cases in Wigan District None Had Been Vaccinated

Twenty-one children attending one school at Aspull, a mining village with a population of 8,000, in the Wigan coalfield, were notified in one day as suffering from smallpox. About a dozen of the cases were removed to Bury Corporation Sanatorium. None of the victims had been vaccinated. About fifty children have been vaccinated since the outbreak occurred. Smallpox cases under treatment at the time in the hospitals of the Metropolitan Asylums Board total 292. These include 133 from outside the county of London boundary, 130 of which come from West Ham. There are sixteen cases under observation, including five from West Ham.

BAHAMA SPONGES

Government Aid to Planters Results in Rapidly-Growing Industry

About a year ago the government, to encourage sponge growing on the islands, assisted the people of Exuma and Ferry Islands to plant sponge and supplied cuttings and cement for making discs. Within the year more than 20,000 sponges have been planted and a flourishing industry is now well advanced. Every sponge farmer has his own area staked out, and each planter's mark, made on his disc, is thus imprinted on the sponge after it has grown. The Board of Agriculture is now experimenting in collecting sponge larvae so as to propagate from the seed instead of from cuttings. May and June are the breeding months for sponge.

WAR ON RABBITS IN AUSTRALIA

Annual Campaign Against Rodent "Down Under" Fails to Effect Reduction in Numbers

HEAVY FINES FOR NEGLECTING WORK

In Australia the annual crusade against the rabbit, a duty fixed upon all land owners by State laws and reinforced by heavy fines for failure to carry out a certain minimum of extermination, is now about at its height.

Trapping, poisoning, fumigating and digging out are a few of the methods used, depending on the nature of the country. Trapping and poisoning are of no value in hilly countryside or where any great amount of cover is afforded by dense bracken, fern or blackberry. Digging out, therefore, has to be adopted, and, in a smaller degree, fumigating.

Much of the fumigation is done with liquid poisons, such as carbon bisulphide. A piece of rag or paper is saturated with the poison and pushed far down into the burrow, all exits being kept blocked. "Dry" poisons, such as cyanide, are also used; they are blown into the burrows by a powerful portable blower, this method being employed on many big sheep runs where trapping is not practicable.

Despite the relentless warfare that is waged every year, however, the number of rabbits seems not to diminish.

While the animal is not indigenous to Australia, its marvelous power of accommodating itself is seen in the fact that within six years after Thomas Austin, an Australian, imported twenty-four wild rabbits in 1859 and turned out thirteen of them at Barwon Park he had killed off 20,000 and there still remained, according to his computation, at least 10,000 more.

From Barwon Park they spread over Victoria, northward, northeast and west. Toward the end of the '70s they crossed the Murray River into the Riverina district of New South Wales and established themselves there. They crossed the Murray into South Australia about 1878. In New South Wales they were first mentioned in official reports in 1879.

GREET GARDEN CLUB

U.S. Members Honored at Dinner in London, Addressed by Lord Reading

The Marquess of Reading presided at a dinner given in the Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, by the English Speaking Union to welcome ninety women delegates from the Garden Club of America, now touring England. After seeing many of the beauty spots of the Old Country, the delegates, said Lord Reading, would return home having forged another link of comradeship between the English-speaking races. Referring to the devastating effect of the war on gardens, Lord Reading remarked that it seemed sad at the time to have to replace roses by vegetables—even by now famed broccoli.

BAN ALSATIAN DOGS

Australian Commonwealth Refuse Admission to French Canines for Next Five Years

The Australian Commonwealth Government has prohibited for five years the importation of Alsatian dogs into Australia owing to representations by several graziers' associations, supported by at least one State Government, that these dogs are a menace to the pastoral industry. The Chief Veterinary Officer had previously advised against the prohibition on the ground that Alsatians are valuable sheepdogs.

PAID S.S. TEACHERS

Bishop of Durham Urges Salaries for Trained Staff to Conduct Sunday Schools

The Bishop of Durham says he thinks there ought to be in every Sunday school a nucleus of trained teachers who should be paid a small but substantial stipend, and should take a recognized place in the professional heirarchy of the Church of England. Volunteer teachers, his lordship says, can hardly be expected to reach a professional standard of efficiency. He emphasizes the urgency by stating that there is a possibility of actual discord disclosing itself between the teaching of the Sunday school and that of the state school. Religion on Sunday, the bishop says, might clash with science on the week-day, and the fault might not lie with the teachers of science but with the teachers of religion.

GRETNA WEDDINGS HELD SCANDALOUS

Action Taken to Put End to Clandestine Unions in Historic Blacksmith's Forge

Elopement and clandestine marriage at Gretna Green, between England and Scotland, have long been a topic for those romanticists who think of the high road, a stage coach, horseback pursuit and hold-up.

The Gretna marriage practice has flourished for the last 150 years, since legislation made hasty marriage more difficult in England.

In this one corner of the kingdom Britain permits a marriage shop where marriage lines are sold like a pound of tea. Here people are partnered off at a dance, and the closest and most lasting of human relationships is entered upon as blithely as a picnic.

Boys and girls can go to this place and mortgage their future, while more designing people can use it with no intention of treating it seriously, though, of course, in many cases both parties are quite sincere.

The traffic is open and unabashed. Gretna Green boasts its own publicity agent, living in the village.

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland will be asked to take steps to stop this scandal. The subject will be debated on resolutions from the Presbytery of Annan, which embraces the border district. This move has been taken on the initiative of the Rev. J. O. Stafford, parish minister of Gretna.

BIDDY'S DEADLY BEAK

Broody Hen Attacks Walsall Poultryman's Hand With Fatal Results

"I do not remember having had a case so peculiar as this," said the Walsall coroner recently when returning a verdict of death from septicaemia on Charles Moffatt, forty-four. Moffatt bred canaries and chickens and complained that when a broody hen pecked his thumb it tore away a piece of flesh. A few days later he became ill and blood poisoning developed.

INVENTED CARTONS

Barber Patentee of Modern Method of Packing Goods Dies in London

The death occurred at Gainsborough recently of Mr. William Rose, head of the Albion Engineering Works, inventor of the first machine which packed goods in cartons.

He conceived the first packing machine behind his small barber shop, and today his works stand on many acres of ground, while his staff numbers several thousands. He captured the American market, and today the firm manufactures machines for packing many household commodities used daily by the housewife. He revolutionized the distributive trade of the world.

Nagging Held to Be Useful Despite York's Archbishop

"DON'T nag," the Archbishop of York has been charging the wives of his clergy—but surely he cannot have meant the advice seriously, for he goes on to charge these same wives to correct their husband's foolish mannerisms, and how does he suppose these improvements can be carried out without nagging?

One has only to survey the characters of those inexposed to nagging to realize that nagging is a much maligned but beneficent social force.

Consider the head mistress of a school whose rule is absolute over her pupils, and whose staff dares not criticise her craziest proposal. She is a spinster who lives a secluded social life away from contemporaries intimate enough to tell her not to be a ninny.

No woman is less nagged. But is she the most adorable of her sex? She is not. Nothing but a five-year course of severe nagging would make her into a reasonably attractive companion.

SEES INDIA'S INDEPENDENCE

Tagore Visions Eastern Empire as Some-Day Power, But Too Far in Future for Consideration

BRITISH ARE BEST RULERS AT PRESENT

A picture of present-day India in a state of misery, cut off from the traditions and mode of life which had animated its whole structure and caught in the administrative grasp of a race which did not understand its people, was drawn by Sir Rabindranath Tagore, Indian poet and educator, in an interview in the course of his voyage across the Pacific on the Taiyo Maru.

To Dr. Tagore, independence for India, though desirable, lies so far in the future that it is useless even to consider it now. With only a small percentage of its population literate, with its mixture of races and religions, with its poverty, disease and starvation, India has a long, uphill road to travel before it can even begin to think hopefully of independence from foreign rule, he said. Nevertheless, he feels that India some day will overcome its difficulties and emerge as a great nation, taking its rightful part in the world of the future.

While stating his belief that the British make better rulers than those of any other foreign nation, and that he found them nearly always to be individually fair, forbearing and well-meaning, Dr. Tagore deplored the machinelike quality of their administration, which has lost all human contacts with India's people; and works, he said, in a heartless callous fashion that is bringing humiliation and misery to the masses. Their rule has brought law and order, he continued, but it has also taken away the system of life which centred about the villages and sustained the people.

UNIQUE DINNER PARTY

Aged Bachelor Proposes Banquet to Felicitate Fair Sex Who Gave Him the Mitten

One of the strangest dinner parties on record will be held in London shortly. James Lose, a wealthy bachelor with a flat in Mayfair, is to originate a new idea in social fashions by entertaining all the women with whom he has ever been in love. Six in number, they are coming from places as far apart as Manchester, Edinburgh, Madrid, Moscow and Vicenza, in Italy. Three more exist, but Mr. Lose has been unable to ascertain if they are alive or dead.

"My reason for giving this unusual party is definitely not because I wish to attract any notoriety to myself," says Mr. Lose. "I am no longer young and I thought it would be a pleasant thing to look once more upon the faces of the women who in days gone by I have loved and lost. No doubt we shall find each other a great deal changed and we shall get one or two shocks when we come face to face." The host is sixty-eight.

A BRIDAL TRAGEDY

Collapses in Vestry After Wedding Ceremony and Dies in Local Hospital

After Mrs. Olive Emily Smutch, twenty-seven, was married at St. Jude's Church, Gray's Inn Road, London, she was going with her husband to the vestry to sign the register, when she collapsed. She was taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where she died. At the inquest medical evidence was that death was due to heart failure following cerebral hemorrhage. Recording a verdict of death from natural causes, the coroner said: "The excitement of the marriage must have brought on a fit."

COTTON CROP IN EMPIRE IS BIG FEATURE

Punjab and Sudan Now Producing Great Quantities of Fibre Suitable for Lancashire's Needs

YEARLY CROP IS NOW LARGER

Approximately $25,000,000 Worth of Raw Textile Substances Turned Out Annually in Nile Region

"COTTON-GROWING developments of the utmost importance are taking place in India, Irak and the Sudan which are bound to react very soon to the benefit of Lancashire." In these words, Sir William Himbury, managing director of the British Cotton Growing Association, summed up his impressions of a tour of the new cotton countries from which he has just returned.

Sir William spoke with the utmost enthusiasm of the strides which are being made in cotton production in new areas in the Punjab and the Sudan. In the Sudan especially, he found a system in progress which he considers a splendid example for all the cotton-growing world to follow wherever possible.

"Through the efforts of the Sudan Plantation Syndicate and the wise policy of the Government in leaving them a free hand," he said, "a vast area hitherto untilled has now been laid under cultivation, and a cotton crop worth approximately £5,000,000 produced from what was previously desert territory and the cotton now being grown there is of a superior type suitable to Lancashire's industry. . . .

"In the Punjab the position is no less promising. Owing to the extensive irrigation schemes that are now nearing completion there should be eventually 20,000,000 acres available for the growing of cotton, cereals and other crops.

"Irak cotton growing, of course, is more or less in its infancy and must be on a comparatively small scale for some years to come. But even so, it is increasing quite rapidly. Last season the crop was practically doubled and it is anticipated that the same rate of progress will be maintained this year. King Feisul himself is setting an admirable example by cultivating some 2,000 acres of cotton and other crops and many former ministers are following his example."

TO RAISE AGE FOR LEAVING SCHOOLS

Need of Later Attendance Stressed as Aid to Working Conditions in England

The need of raising the school-leaving age is urged more and more in Great Britain, and to the educational arguments social reasons are now being added.

At a conference on "New Ideals in Education," Miss Lester, of Kingsley Hall, Bow, who has devoted twenty-six years in work among the poor in the East End of London, said that "the maxim 'Too old at 18' may have astonished the conference of school teachers, but it is accepted as a matter of course in the East End and among welfare workers everywhere."

It was a common thing, said Miss Lester, for girls to be turned out of work at 16, and their sisters of 14 engaged instead, because insurance money had to be paid at 16. "It is a sad thing," she continued, "for a girl who hoped to be of some use in the world." Boys are dismissed at that age too. The practice exists in all industries, but chiefly among smaller employers.

STEPHENSON'S ROCKET

Replica of Great Engineer's First Locomotive Made for Henry Ford's Museum

Messrs. Robert Stephenson & Co., Limited, have completed at their Darlington works a replica of the Rocket locomotive, which was built at their Newcastle works 100 years ago. The replica has been made for Mr. Henry Ford, who intends to place it in his mechanical museum at Detroit. The engine which will run under its own steam, will be on view in Messrs. Stephenson's works soon. Two of the latest types of locomotives will also be on exhibit to illustrate the evolution of the railway engine. A charge for admission will be made and the proceeds will be in aid of the Darlington General Hospital.

Airplanes for Voters

For the first time in a British election airplanes were used to carry voters to the polls at the recent voting. One was used for this purpose in Manchester, while another, with the Conservative party colors streaming from it, flew over the Limehouse district of London.

Mr. Bisbee's Princess

By
JULIAN STREET

THE genial young clerk at the mail window of the hotel glanced at the badge on Mr. Bisbee's coat and at the card bearing his forwarding address.

"Then you're leaving us before the end of the convention, Mr. Bisbee?" he remarked in a tone of polite regret.

"Yes," Mr. Bisbee replied. "We've got through our important business, and I can't hang around till Saturday just for the pleasure of riding back on the special. I'm a busy man." He raised his chest slightly and thrust down his chin, making a little pouch of it between the pointed wings of his collar.

"Where you going, Bisbee?" The shout came from Mr. Sackett of the Baskett Thompson Company. "Been counting on a talk with you going home."

"My loss, Mr. Sackett, my loss, I'm sure." He liked to be called "Bisbee" by Mr. Baskett, a dignified and responsible merchant whose badge showed him to be vice-president of the National Retail Silverware and Jewelry Association of America.

"When my friends urged me to wait over," he continued as they stood in the warm sunlight beside the taxicab, "I said I had to go on account of important business, but I don't mind telling you there isn't any particular business taking me. I'm in a position to do pretty much as I please; my right-hand man, Charley Doelger, runs the store first rate; but when I founded the business, nearly twenty-six years ago, I laid down the policy that I wouldn't ask any employee to do what I wouldn't do myself. They get two weeks' vacation every Summer, so that's all I take."

"Good sound policy," commented Mr. Sackett.

Deadly Conventions

"THE truth is," his wife had told him scornfully, "you don't want to go anywhere except to your deadly conventions. If you'd go to a place like Paris and look around a little you'd find out why people like the Murchisons and the Rathbones don't trade with you."

Her mention of the Murchisons and the Rathbones, the city's most important families, acted like a red rag upon whatever bull-like qualities may have been contained in Mr. Bisbee's nature.

"Let me tell you, Stella," he replied, deeply moved, "if those nabobs had the local pride they'd ought to have, they would trade with me."

"Oh, forget it!" Mrs. Bisbee gave a mocking laugh. "You'll never get their trade, my little man. You're always telling folks this town's good enough for you, and you never spoke a truer word. You're a stick-in-the-mud, that's what you are—just a plain stick-in-the-mud!"

After lunch Mr. Bisbee went to the rear of the train and, finding the observation platform crowded, kept close watch and was first to the door when presently a seat was vacated.

The empty place was between an old gentleman wearing a round felt hat and a lady whose chair stood in the sheltered corner. Had he been asked to describe her, he might have said that, without resembling her, she made him think of a younger, handsomer edition of Mrs. Emory Rathbone, and Mrs. Emory Rathbone, be it noted, was famous in her youth as one of the beautiful Perry girls of Cleveland.

Such an association would have sufficed to make him faintly fearful of this lady even if he had not glimpsed, as he approached, a necklace, evidently not intended to be seen. If the pearls, as at first glance they appeared to be, were genuine, the necklace was of fabulous value, and the fact that she concealed it beneath her dress lent color to this theory.

Lighted a Cigar

HAVING settled himself in his chair, he took from his pocket the patent Protecto spectacles he always carried when traveling, unfolded them, and put them on. Presently, the man in the round felt hat lighted a cigar, and the fragrance of it made Mr. Bisbee wish to smoke. He drew from his pocket one of his favorite panetelas, amputated the end with his flat gold cigar cutter, and was about to light it when he observed that a back-draft was causing the smoke of the old man's cigar to eddy in the corner where the lady sat. He hesitated, then reluctantly returned the panetela to his pocket; but at this the lady turned and addressed him, saying:

"If you wish to smoke, it will not in the least trouble me."

"Thank you, madam," he replied.

Then he saw that she was leaning forward, evidently in pain, rubbing her eye with her handkerchief.

"Don't rub it," he admonished sharply. "If you'll let me look at it, madam, perhaps I can help you."

She turned blindly toward him, and he slipped off his gloves, lifted the lid by the long lashes and examined the eye.

"Look down toward your nose." And as she did so: "Yes, I see it. Just a minute now—hold still. Give me your handkerchief. No, it's too soft; I'll have to use mine if you don't mind."

"Please do."

"I always cary a fresh one," he said, brushing at the eyeball with the point of the hem. "There, it's out."

She moved her eyelid up and down, doubtfully.

"The irritation will go away," he assured her.

"You are a doctor?" she asked.

"No, as a matter of fact I'm in the retail silverware and jewelry business; we have an optical department in our store, people come in when things blow into their eyes. We're the third fastest growing city in the State, so we have a good deal of manufacturing and cinders."

A Foreigner

"MANY of your American cities seem to have manufacturing and cinders," she remarked.

"You're a foreigner?"

"Yes."

"Well," he said, "we've got a great country here. There's no place under the sun that's a patch on it, I guess. I've never been abroad myself, but that's what my friends tell me." And as the lady did not answer, but only smiled faintly, he went on: "I guess the people over in England kind of wish we hadn't broken away from them in 1776, don't they?"

"I never heard an English person discuss it."

"Oh, you aren't English?"

She shook her head.

As he was about to inquire what her native tongue was, he was distracted by seeing her raise her handkerchief to her eye.

"Excuse me, madam, but I wouldn't rub it," he said quickly.

"No, I just want to shield it."

"Why," he exclaimed, "I don't know what on earth I could have been thinking of! Here I've got these Protecto spectacles right on my nose, and they're the very thing you need!" He hastily removed them and exhibited them to her. "An excellent article for travel. The deep beveled rims protect the eyes from foreign substances, and the tinted lenses relieve eye-strain. Just try them on, madam."

"They are very comforting," she declared, having put them on. "I am most grateful, but I—"

A Ceremonious Bow

"THE pleasure is all mine, madam, all mine." He gave her a ceremonious little bow, and in obedience to a polite instinct which told him that a gentleman who has handled a lady's eye and given her a pair of spectacles ought to introduce himself, he took from his pigskin pocketbook a neatly engraved business card and gave it to her.

"Ah, yes." She glanced at the card, nodded, and tucked it into her black handbag, but she did not mention her name or offer him her card in return.

On his westward journey a friendly flagman had told him a good deal about this part of the country, and he was thus equipped with information which enabled him to point out to the lady alfalfa fields, orchards watered by irrigation ditches, and, where the land was unreclaimed, chaparral, lupine, yellow and blue, and tall yucca plants crowned with clusters of white flowers.

Prospect holes visible here and there in the warm-colored mountainsides marked spots where gold and silver had been sought, and the mention of precious metals led easily to his favorite topic. He told her of his start in life, of the growth of his business, of his commercial policies, and thus he managed presently, without making too much a point of it, to draw from his pocketbook the two column article The Daily Sentinel had published last year.

"You might be interested in glancing over this," he remarked in a casual tone. And partly as a hint to her, he added: "I always think it's pleasanter to know something about the people you meet, don't you?"

A Bright Smile

SHE thanked him, turning her head to give him a bright smile, and when she had finished reading she smiled again as she said:

"We in Europe, of course, hear of America's captains of industry, and it seems quite wonderful that I should have chanced to meet one in this way." She held out the clipping.

"Keep it if you wish," he said generously. "My wife and daughter have several around the house." This statement was not quite accurate, the extra copies of The Sentinel were not kept by Stella and Pauline, but were in the draw of his desk; he felt, however, that the inaccuracy was justified because it let her know he was a family man.

He had taken from his pocket the blue and silver badge of the N.R.S.J.A.A., and was exhibiting it to her, when a pleasant-faced elderly woman appeared on the platform and handed her a cape, whereupon Mr. Bisbee rose quickly from his chair expecting to be introduced, but after they had spoken briefly in some foreign language the elder woman bowed and went in.

His first thought was that this might be the lady's mother, but the matter-of-course manner in which she accepted the service suggested that she was a companion or a maid.

He was thinking about this when she rose and offered him the Protecto spectacles, saying she was going in, but he insisted that she keep them.

Watched in Vain

AT dinner that night, at breakfast next morning, he watched for her in vain; nor had she appeared in the observation car when, some hours after the train passed the summit of the great divide, a stop was made at a junction city, a Spanish settlement of long ago, where Indians in brilliant costumes were peddling native baskets, pottery, and trinkets.

As the stop was a long one, the cars quickly emptied, and Mr. Bisbee was pleased when he caught sight of her walking ahead of him.

"I've been reading," she told him when he overtook her.

They strolled along together looking at the squatting Indians and their wares, and came presently to the stand of a photographer to pose with all comers, the photographer agreeing to deliver three postcard photographs, stamped for mailing, before the departure of the train.

"Come," cried the lady.

To be photographed with an Indian seemed to Mr. Bisbee rather undignified, but the lady's manner was compelling, and he joined her.

While waiting for the photographs to be finished, they visited a nearby shop where the lady purchased woven baskets, a pottery urn, and a bracelet consisting of white bands of silver set with matrix turquoise.

On returning for the photographs, he discovered that the shutter had caught him smiling. The effect wasn't bad; he and the lady were looking at each other across the Indian, and her smile was lovely.

"You must sign one of them for me," he said as he accompanied her to her stateroom.

Mystery Deepens

HE drew out his gold-mounted fountain pen and with a sense of victory watched as she signed her name across the bottom of the postcard photograph. Now he would know what to call her.

THE PRINCESS

"As near as I can make out," he said, "It's Gabriella Lescaboura."

"Yes."

"Mrs?"

She nodded.

"Well, I'm certainly much obliged Mrs. Lescaboura," he said, and put the photograph carefully into his pocketbook.

Next day, while he was at lunch, she came into the dining car, and on his way out he paused, wished her good-afternoon, and dropped a casual remark about hoping to see her later on the observation platform; but though he spent the afternoon there, she did not appear.

Well, anyway, he'd see her in the morning. Maybe there was something he could do for her in Chicago; if she wanted him to take her any place, he could wait over and take the 1 o'clock for home.

Next day he woke early and had dressed and breakfasted before most of his fellow passengers were up; but for fear of disturbing her, he did not knock on her drawing-room door until the train was entering the outskirts of the city.

"Ah," she said as her maid opened the door, "I was just going to send you these souvenirs." She indicated the package of Indian curios, adding: "For your daughter."

"Are you going to stop in Chicago?" he asked eagerly.

"Only a day or two. I am sailing from New York, Saturday week."

"It's certainly been a great pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Lescaboura," he said, "and I've been thinking maybe I could make things pleasant for you in Chicago. I know the city pretty well, and I thought, if you'd enjoy it, I'd get a taxi and take you to see Lincoln Park or the Stockyards or—"

Regrets

SHE thanked him, saying: "I'm sorry, but friends are meeting me."

The train had hardly stopped in the Chicago terminus when Mr. Bisbee got off and ran forward to her car. She was among the last to alight, and as he walked with her toward the gate he was sad at the thought of bidding her farewell.

"Mrs. Lescaboura," he began, "I hope you understand how greatly I've enjoyed the pleasure of your acquaintance. I've taken many a railroad journey, but I can truthfully say I never before had the—"

There, however, he found himself cut short by the arrival of a gentleman with a flower in his buttonhole, who came rushing up to her, and bending over, kissed her hand. He said.

"I hope Your Highness had a pleasant journey."

Dazed as he was, there passed through Mr Bisbee's mind echoes of fairy tales read in childhood which told him what a "Your Highness" is. And he had been calling her Mrs Lescaboura! Then he saw her waiting.

She had not forgotten him. As he approached, she smiled, holding out her hand.

"Good-bye, and thank you again," she said.

Mr. Bisbee took the hand, and like a man who shuts his eyes and jumps from the top of a skyscraper, bent and kissed it.

"The pleasure is all mine." He swallowed, and the sound of the ingurgitation seemed to reverberate above the station noises. "The pleasure is all mine—Your Highness."

Unbelievable Experience

ON the journey from Chicago to his home Mr. Bisbee did not converse with other passengers but sat pondering the unbelievable experience, and the more he turned it over in his mind, the more romantic it appeared.

He was but half aware of realities around him when, having left the train, he took a taxi home. In his earlier fancies he saw himself alone with her, but as he neared his house the imagined scene was amended to include his wife and daughter.

The cab stopped; he got out, and with his bags and the precious bundle started toward the front porch.

The front door stood open, but the screen door was hooked, and so he rang and was presently admitted by Ella, the negro cook.

"How-d'ye-do, Elle. Family out?"

"No, suh, Mist' Bisbee, dey upsteha."

He was glad they were upstairs, for it gave him time to unwrap the Indian souvenirs, and he arranged them on the parlor table as carefully as if he had been dressing a show window in the store.

After a time he heard them on the stairs.

"I wish you'd let me know when to expect you," said his wife in an aggrieved tone. "I thought you'd be home for dinner, and I ordered too many chops."

"What's all this," demanded Pauline, catching sight of the trophies.

"Indian things—a present somebody sent you."

A Manacle

PAULINE picked up the bracelet and examined it critically.

"You don't expect me to wear a manacle like this, do you?"

"Yes, I do, when you know who it's from."

"Oh, come on out with it, Papa," said Pauline.

"Well, what would you say, for instance, if I was to tell you it's from a princess?"

"Your poor father's been seeing too many movies," interrupted Mrs. Bisbee.

"Oh, is that so?" he retorted angrily. "Well, I tell you she was a princess, and a mighty good-looking one, too!"

"What kind of princess did she claim to be?"

"She didn't claim anything about it! The ambassador met her at Chicago. He told me who she was. If you want to see what she looks like"—he reached for his pocketbook and drew out the postcard photograph—"here's her picture that she gave me. What do you say to that?"

"Let's see," said Mrs. Bisbee.

"Her Highness' name," he proclaimed, lifting his chest and thrusting his chin between the points of his collar, "happens to be Princess Gabriella Lescaboura. That's her autograph on the picture."

"Who ever heard of such a name!" commented Mrs. Bisbee.

"Wait a minute, mamma!" Pauline had dropped to her knees beside the table and was searching through the mazagines on the lower shelf. "I wouldn't be surprised if it's so. I think she's the very one I was reading about!"

In Chit-Chat

PAULINE had drawn from the pile of magazines a thin one, the cover of which bore the title Chit-Chat.

"Yes, here it is!" She looked at him as with new eyes. "Well, what do you know about papa!"

"Read it, read it," he invited nonchalantly.

"'The beautiful Princess Lescaboura, who has been passing the Winter in Santa Barbara, will soon sail for Europe, and those in the know'"—

"She's sailing a week from Saturday," he interjected.

"'—And those in the know will be interested to learn whether she rejoins her noble husband either at his chateau on the Cote d'Azur or at the Lido, for which spectacular resort he last year exhibited a marked preference.'"

"Perfectly correct, perfectly correct," said Mr. Bisbee.

"'The Prince and Princess,'" continued Pauline, "'are known by those au courant with society in the small resorts of Europe, as an emancipated pair. If, as Dame Rumor has it, the Lido attracted the dashing young nobleman because of the presence there of a svelte young danseuse not unknown to the Parisian stage, it must not be supposed that his Princess repined. She had, as always, a legion of admirers.

"'It may be only a coincidence that the grounds of Mon Praisir, the delightful villa which the Princess occupied at Santa Barbara, adjoin the Beggs estate, but the fact remains that within a fortnight after Her Highness' arrival, the ever-watchful Vida Beggs, who is said to be six years older than her attractive polo-playing husband, dragged him off to durance vile in Honolulu, where, according to report, he sulked the Winter away.'"

Mr. Bisbee stopped walking.

"It's a pack of lies!" he cried. He turned to Pauline. "I'm surprised your mothere'd let you touch a paper! Give it here!"

He made a swift flank movement upon her, snatched the paper, tore it to shreds, and dashed the pieces upon the floor.

Burst Into Shriek

NEVER before had Mrs. Bisbee known him to commit an act even remotely approaching violence; for a moment she stood gazing at him, her reddish-brown eyes shining like a pair of glass marbles, then suddenly she burst into a shriek.

"You're in love with her! You're in love with her!"

She began to weep loudly, and holding her handkerchief to her eyes moved tragically toward the door.

He gazed after her stupified as she started up the stairs, then, turning to Pauline, he sighed.

"Your mamma must be crazy. Nobody on earth's more respectable than me, and the Princess was as perfect a lady as I ever hope to meet. The very most I did was to kiss her hand when I—"

"Papa," she broke in, taking his lapels and looking gravely into his eyes, "I think it's the most romantic affair I ever heard of!"

She took up the bracelet and put it on.

"It's really handsome in a barbaric way," she said, "and the stones are lovely with this blue dress. Papa, I want you to know I'm glad this woman came into your life."

"Now, lookit, Pauline," he protested, "she didn't! You mustn't say such things! I won't—"

But there he was interrupted by the sound of steps and voices on the porch, and the ringing of the doorbell.

"It's the boys to take me to the party," Pauline said in a low voice.

"Lordy, the front door was open!" he whispered back.

The Spare Room

FINDING the bedroom door locked against him when he went upstairs, Mr Bisbee took his bags to the spare room and passed the night there, nor did he encounter his wife and daughter in the morning, for they were not up when he left the house.

It was his habit to lunch daily with a group of his business friends at a large round table in the men's cafe of the New Mervyn House, and when a little after noontime he entered the cafe he was warmly greeted. There was the usual lull while everyone was ordering; then as conversation was resumed, Mr. Bisbee heard the foghorn voice of Gus Markle addressing him across the table.

"Well, W. P.," he said, with a knowing grin, "tell us about your princess."

Mr. Bisbee was stunned.

"As a matter of fact, there's nothing to tell. She just—"

"She just showered you with expensive jewelry, from what I hear," Gus broke in.

"She didn't do anything of the kind. She sent a little silver bracelet to my daughter, that's all."

A general laugh followed, and Mr. Bisbee was enormously relieved when, as it died down, the subject was changed.

Through the remainder of the meal he tried to talk coerently, and when luncheon was over he managed to leave the hotel at Gus Markle's side.

"Where'd you find out all that stuff?" he asked in what was intended to be an off-hand tone.

"Oh," said Gus, "a little bird told me."

Mr. Bisbee had some thought of asking him not to mention the matter further, but he decided against it; if Gus found it bothered him, he'd keep it up.

The Story Spreads

AFTER dinner he mustered up his courage and, without rancor, told Stella and Pauline how the story had spread; whereupon they both began to talk rapidly, each declaring that it couldn't be her fault. From his unraveling of what they said, he gathered that his wife, in her anguish, had felt the need to confide in someone, and that Pauline had merely exhibited the bracelet at the party last night.

"That must be how Mr. Markle found out," she said. "I showed it to his brother."

"Really, Pauline," put in Mrs. Bisbee, self-righteously, "I'm surprised at you gossiping about your papa like that."

"Well, I didn't tell 'em much anyway. I just mentioned about his meeting her and kissing her hand, and I kind of laughed and said papa was getting to be quite a sheik."

"Kissing her hand?" cried Mrs. Bisbee. "I didn't know about his kissing her hand."

"Oh, gosh!" He bent over, resting his forehead in his hands. "Here I've worked all this time—it'll be twenty-six years the tenth of next September—to build up a name in this city as an honest merchant and a good family man—why, a fellow said there was talk of running me for mayor—and now this kind of a story get's around! Oh, gosh!"

Three Weeks After

WHEN three weeks had gone by, he felt somewhat encouraged, things were on the whole improving at home, and his fear that the gossip might hurt his business was apparently unfounded, sales had, upon the contrary, increased, owing to the purchase of presents for the Murchison wedding, now ten days off.

Then, from what appeared to be a clearing sky, there crashed a devastating bolt.

Late one afternoon, as Mr Bisbee was putting his desk in order before going home, Charley, white-faced and nervous, appeared in his office.

"They got you in Chit-Chat!" he exclaimed, and flung the paper on the desk.

Dizzily Mr. Bisbee stared at the marked passage:

". . . Highness' taste for bizarre associations was amusingly exampled in an intimacy she formed on her railroad journey eastward. This time the man was a jeweler hailing from a Midwestern city; gossip has it that expensive gifts changed hands, and that on reaching home he had difficulty in explaining his share in the transaction to his wife. It may be safely predicted that the Princess will encounter no such embarrassment. Always she returns with new trophies of the chase. The Prince is used to it.

"Meanwhile the little jeweler having been carried through the heavens in the lady's flaming chariot, is said to wear above his heart a photograph bearing a tender inscription, and has become a seven-days' wonder to his fellow townsfolk."

"I thought you'd better see it before you go home," Charley said.

"That's right. Much obliged." There was a croak in Mr. Bisbee's throat as he swallowed.

When Mr. Bisbee entered his house that evening, he found Stella waiting for him in the hall, a copy of Chit-Chat in her hand.

"I know, I know," he exclaimed wearily, waving her off and sinking into a chair.

The First People

HE heard Pauline come skipping up the steps and the slam of the screen door.

"I guess you've heard the news?" she said brightly, looking from one parent to the other. "Isn't it great!"

"What you say?" Mr. Bisbee felt as if he were going mad.

"Except the Murchisons," she said, "we're the first people in this town to be mentioned in Chit-Chat. Do you realise that? It isn't going to be the Murchisons and the Rathbones any more—it's going to be the Murchisons and the Bisbees." She sang a bugle-like "Ta-ta!" and raising her arms, swung grandly around the room, stopping in front of her amazed father.

"Say, papa, can I borrow the Princess's photograph? The girls are dying to see it."

"My gosh!" he cried. "I should say you can't!" And observing his wife's eyes fastened upon him, he hurriedly added: "Anyhow, I guess I wouldn't hardly know where to look for it."

The last statement was perhaps excusable as a defensive measure. The photograph, as he well knew, was in the pigskin pocketbook, and the pocketbook was exactly where Chit-Chat said it was, and it was in the same place next morning when, after having telephoned Charley Doelger of his purpose, he headed for the law offices of Rathbone, Ewing & Todd.

Having told his story to Mr Rathbone, he handed him a copy of the society paper.

The attorney shook his head.

"You can't get damages," he said. "They didn't mention you by name."

"Everybody knows it means me."

"Yes, but you can't touch them. They lib[el] people right and left, but keep within the lette[r] of the law. In any case it is extremely doubt[ful] that you could prove damage. In point o[f] fact I shouldn't be surprised if this turned out to be rather a good thing for you."

Lawyer's Secretary

HE was interrupted by the entrance of the lawyer's secretary.

"Mr Bisbee's office wants him on the phone," she said, and Mr. Rathbone pushed the des[k] instrument toward him.

"Hello?"

"You better come right over here, W. P." I[t] was Charley Doelger speaking in a low, excite[d] voice. "Alice Murchison and her mother ar[e] here. They're looking for presents for th[e] bridesmaids."

"Hang on to them, Charley—I'll be righ[t] over!"

He sped to the store, and having entered a[t] the rear, advanced to the counter at whic[h] Charley was exhibiting diamond bar pins t[o] the two ladies.

"I'll wait upon Mrs. and Miss Murchison myself, Doelger." Charley stepped asid[e]. "Have you found what you desire?" As M[r.] Bisbee addressed the mother, he was aware o[f] the daughter's keen eyes, taking him in.

"I rather like this one, Alice." Mrs. Murchi[-]son, with a bar pin in her hand, answere[d] him indirectly.

"I don't," said her daughter. "Bar pins ar[e] old stuff."

"Mr. Doelger," said Mr. Bisbee, will yo[u] kindly step to the vaults and get our new lin[e] of J. & G. gold mesh bags and vanity cases. Bring them to the private office please." An[d] explaining to the ladies, "You can examin[e] them more comfortably there," he led the wa[y] to the back of the store.

That Dreadful Paper

AT the office door he stood aside and bowe[d] them in, and as he followed, began:

"Unusually fine weather we're—" He stoppe[d] abruptly. There on the desk, where he ha[d] tossed it on his return from Mr. Rathbone's office, was the copy of Chit-Chat.

"Yes," he said, waiving an arm toward th[e] window, "just look at that sunlight out there." As he spoke he crossed swiftly to the desk, and sitting on the edge of it, between them and th[e] paper, reached back with one hand an[d] tucked it under the blotting pad.

Charley came in with the trays.

"You might also get those new cigarett[e] cases, Mr. Doelger," said Mr. Bisbee, as, quickl[y] producing his gold match case, he gave Alice [a] light.

To the vanity cases and mesh bags she pa[id] little attention, but when the cigarette case[s] arrived, she took one of them up, saying:

"This one's perfect."

"But don't you think," Mrs. Murchison aske[d] him, "that cigarette cases make a rathe[r] strange gift for bridesmaids?"

"In my younger days," returned Mr Bisbe[e] tactfully, "we might have thought so; but no[t] any longer, madam, not any longer."

"Certainly not," said Alice. "Send me six o[f] them." She rose. "Come along Mother; I'm late for the hairdresser." But instead of fol[-]lowing Mrs. Murchison from the room, sh[e] crossed, put her cigarette in the ash tray, and leaning on the desk as if in no hurry, asked: "When can you deliver them?"

"Before the end of the week," he assured her. He observed that her hand was resting idly o[n] the edge of the blotting pad, and that he[r] fingertips were touching the back of the maga[-]zine, which protuded slightly.

"That'll do nicely," she said. Now, in a[n] absent-minded manner, she was plucking a[t] the magazine.

"You are really satisfied that cigarette case[s] aren't in bad taste for a wedding?" she asked. The copy of Chit-Chat was now in full view.

"Absolutely." He backed toward the door hoping she would follow.

"Well," she said, "I'm glad you feel that way. I wouldn't want to make mother uncomfort[-]able, you know. In fact, Mr. Bisbee," she wen[t] on, looking at him brightly, "I wouldn't wan[t] to make anybody uncomfortable—not for th[e] world. It makes one so uncomfortable to b[e] uncomfortable, doesn't it?" And with that never having once glanced at the detested jour[-]nal, she passed out of the room.

Business Booms

IT was a busy day at the store of the Willia[m] P. Bisbee Company; before midday Mrs. Emory Rathbone came in, and under the per[-]sonal attention of Mr. Bisbee himself, pur[-]chased as a wedding gift a handsome set o[f] sterling silver table ornaments; and befor[e] closing time all previous sales records ha[d] been surpassed.

Mr. Bisbee carried his cheerfulness home with him—telling Stella and Pauline the goo[d] news from the store, and it was not until the[y] were seated at supper that his wife inquire[d] about his interview with Mr. Rathbone.

"He has the matter under advisement," h[e] replied evasively, informed by some instinc[t] that it would be best to let her learn graduall[y] that the suit was abandoned. "A lawyer's s[...] expensive thing. It's not a thing you wan[t] to jump into without due consideration. Stell[a,] I been thinking a lot about that hardship a[ll] this gossip's been to you."

"It's about time you thought of me," she said.

"Well, that's what I been doing, all right, and I guess you and Pauline'll be suited first-rate when you know what I've got in mind. Understand, I don't say positively I'll do [it] but the way things are looking at the store I expect I can." He leaned back, beaming a[t] them, and announced: "As a matter of fa[ct] I'm thinking of knocking off work for a whil[e] next Summer and taking you both to Europe."

"Oh, Papa!" Pauline clapped her hand[s] ecstatically, but from Mrs. Bisbee there cam[e] no sign of pleasure.

Bending forward, she fixed him with [a] shrewd scrutiny, demanding:

"Do I look as if I was born yesterday? Don'[t] imagine you fool me, William Bisbee! I kn[ow] why you want to go to Europe. It's that wom[-]an again!"

Continued on next page

Sea Mist

Rea Loved Wet, Grey Days Among the Dunes, and It Was Just Such Weather When She Became a Bride—But Her Bridegroom Was Not Dour Luke Dunnet

By RADCLIFFE SCOVILLE
Illustrated by Samuel Cahan

THE women of the village clacked their tongues and shook their heads when Rea Warren passed down the tree-shaded, cobbly old streets of Tucket. Yet Rea never saw them. Her blue eyes were distant with dreaming; forever turned toward the sea. It had always been like that. "Queer" some said she was.

"That Rea Warren's kep' her people worried to death with her queerness," they said. "Guess they'll be glad enough when she gets married and settles down." There was a sleek satisfection in the way they said that, and yet a faint tinge of disappointment too, for Rea Warren, married, could never give the pleasant little shocks of surprise and disapproval that Rea Warren, single, could give. Theirs was a stern old-fashioned idea of marriage. A home to keep clean, meals to cook, children to look after. No time for foolishness when a woman did her duty by her man.

Rea Warren wondered at that, and was afraid. No time for foolishness, they had said. But she could make time. She could always see the crimson sunsets carelessly flung across the sea and sky; watch dark wind clouds driving the little ships into harbor and feel the soft grey fingers of the fog.

Foolishness? Was that the only reason her feet took the path to the left instead of to the right? The path to the right led over the hill and straight into the village, but the path to the left ran down to the sea first, in a rough, uneven way. Briars and bushes pulled and scratched, but there was always the dunes at the end, and the gleam of wet sand, with the flash of the gulls soaring overhead. The sand was coarse with small stones that filled her shoes, but she never emptied them until she came to the wharf, and there she sat on a splintery old wreck of a dory while she wriggled her toes in her black cotton stockings and shook her heavy shoes free of the yellow grains before going up the street to market.

Chose the Beach

EVEN on wet, grey days when the surf rode high and sprey reached out to the dune edge Rea chose the beach. The other path went over the hill to the road and was protected from the wind by the dignity of tall, unbending trees.

"You'll catch your death," Rea's mother always worried, and she always followed her to the kitchen door to be sure they were out of the hearing of Jonas Warren, Rea's father.

"Rea, do go the hill road today," her mother would plead looking out toward the sea. "It's so wild."

Rea would laugh. "That'e why I love it!"

Worry lines would creep across her mother's forehead. "Then you'll be sure to wipe all the sand off your feet before your father sees you," she would warn.

The fear of the Rev. Jonas Warren had long ago bonded Rea and her mother with an inseparable understanding. There had always been great, black memories of her father in Rea's mind. There was that Sunday, long ago, when a stiff no'theaster cast long ropes of heavy brown sea kelp on the sand. Rea had wreathed herself in the sea weed and was whirling and prancing to the thunder of the surf when her father found her. She was never able to forget his wrath.

"What work of Satan is this!" he had stormed, his small eyes terrible with anger. "A daughter of mine dancing like a heathen! Forsaking the ways of God to entertain the Devil!"

Terrors of Hell

THAT night at evening service Jonas Warren had preached on the terrors of hell which waited the youth of the land who defied God. His little congregation tittered among themselves at his fiery denunciation.

"Must be Rea up an' done suthin' terrible," whispered hooked-nosed Mrs. Quiggs to her neighbor, Mrs. Blaine, as she reached over for a hymn book. Mrs. Blaine nodded and her eyes sharpened with interest.

Her father had forbade Rea going near the beach after that episode, and Rea doggedly determined to obey him, but as the days slipped by she could not endure the sight of that strip seen from her bedroom window, and one misty evening she stole down to the beach with a bag of stale bread crumbs to feed the gulls. By wiping the sand off her shoes she could hide the place she had been.

Her father never knew when she went down to the wharf to watch the tugs and barges come into harbor and see the fishing boats unload.

Often enough the big sea-going tugs would anchor their barges in midharbor and then come into the wharf to lay until it came fair weather again. Rea knew every tug that came in. The Philadelphia tugs with their German crews, and the New York boats with their Spanish and Italian sailors. The dark men in their greasy blue jeans fascinated her, and the tarnished gold braid on the officers' dirty uniforms made her heart hammer against her ribs. Yet when they occasionally spoke to her she remained silent. Inarticulate, with a great longing for something she could not name, and they, indifferent at the scrawny kid with the wide blue eyes and the tangled, wind-blown hair, who would not speak, went on.

Even at eighteen Rea still looked like a kid. A slender, elfish bit of motion that seemed about to be blown away. "Sickly lookin'" some called it.

"Little gale 'n wind 'ud take you clear 'cross to China coast," Old Cap'n Ben at the Sailors' Mission used to say to her.

"I wish it would," Rea would answer wistfully, listening to his adventurous tales of the clipper ship days.

Eighteenth Birthday

ON the day Rea was eighteen her father called her into his study. His long face was shadowed by the depressing gloom of the book-lined walls. For a moment or two he did not speak. His nearsighted eyes strained for a sharper view of her until it seemed to Rea that he must know that she was longing to be out of the stuffy place.

"Rea," he began, portentously clearing his throat, "you are budding into womanhood. You are no longer a child." Rea looked down at the toe of her shoe and tried to rub off a grain of sand she thought she saw there.

"It is time for you to think seriously of marriage."

Rea's eyes widened. Her father had never spoken of marriage before.

"Luke Dunnet has asked my permission to make you his wife." He paused to let the full significance of his words reach her.

She gasped and opened her lips.

"And I have given my consent."

Rea stared at her father. Luke Dunnet! As methodical and steady as the old clock on the white tower of her father's little church. One of the "dependable young men of the village." Owner of the only hardware store in the community, and said to be comfortably fixed. But he had only taken her out twice. Once to a Orange picnic and once to a church supper. She had never considered him as a real beau. He had never said that her eyes were pretty or that she looked nice in pink.

"It will be an excellent match for one of your age," her father went on. "His position is of the best, and I hope that you will make him a dutiful wife," he added more sharply.

A dutiful wife. The phase stuck in her mind. The word had followed her all her life. A dutiful daughter and now a dutiful wife. She went slowly out of the room as her father turned to his desk, signalling that the talk was over.

Frying Pan and Fire

DAUGHTER of Jonas Warren, wife of Luke Dunnet. Out of the frying pan into the fire. If only she dared go to the city and work. But what could she do? She had never been to a real city and the thought of it terrified her. Better to marry Luke than to try to run away. Besides, she had no money. That was the most effectual barrier of all. Perhaps Luke would give her money after they were married. And sometimes Luke went to Boston to buy stock for his store. She might even go with him. Then there was the big old house that looked on the water and had been in Luke's family since the days when Tucket had been famous as a whaling port. Luke was the last of the family. He had once told Rea that he had given it as a logical reason for marriage.

"Bein' as I'm the last man in the family it's sort of up to me to keep things goin'," he explained rather heavily. Rea had taken little heed to it then. So that was what he had meant. In his slow way he was preparing her.

"Course I'm ten years older, but, then, you're a woman grown now, and that hadn't ought to make any difference."

Rea had laughed at that. Ten years' difference. Why, ten years was a lifetime. In ten years she would be twenty-eight, almost thirty. No longer young. Melinda Smith, who taught school at the village, was only twenty-eight. Yet she was bony and stoop-shouldered, with a lustreless look of disappointment in her eyes. Rea shivered with the dread of youth for age.

No Honeymoon

PLANS for the marriage were simple. There would be no honeymoon, for Luke could not leave his store. Rea would be married by her fether at the church, and after the ceremony would go with Luke to his house on the hill. Jonas Warren made the announcement in church Sunday morning, stating that his daughter, Rea, and Luke Dunnet would be united in the holy bonds of matrimony following the next Thursday night preyer meeting. The announcement created little stir for the reason that every one knew all about it. Mrs. Warren had told it, a little proudly, at the Ladies' Aid meeting, and it had spread quickly from there.

In the opinion of the women it was a good match. There were one or two other prospects in the village who had looked more than once in the direction of Luke and his hardware store and his big house. True, they were ladies older than Rea. Older than Luke. One even wore a false piece, it was rumored, and the other suffered from asthma, but they were prospects nevertheless.

"A chit of a girl like Rea Werren!" said one. "Well, I never!"

It was the general opinion, however, thet Rea would make a good wife. She could cook and sew, and if Luke held her with a firm hand they would probably get on well enough.

Certainly he would make an excellent husband. There was not a doubt in their minds as to his qualities. A girl should consider herself lucky to get Luke.

It seemed to Rea that her last week of freedom melted away like fog, with a hot August sun shining through it. Her mother said little, but her eyes watched anxiously for any sign of rebellion, and once she ventured that it was nice thet their houses wouldn't be far apart.

"'Taint as if you were going away, Rea."

"No," Rea answered with a faint sigh.

"And Luke'e a good boy," her mother added. Rea's eyes were on her sewing.

Fog Makin' In

"THERE'S fog makin' in tonight." Her mother pulled back the starched edge of the white muslin curtain. "Looks thick already."

"Does it?" Rea looked up eagerly, and her eyes followed out to the purple sea distance. A faint glow of sunset pink, tinged with grey, was drifting across the sky. A tug with two barges was coming around the point to drop anchor and wait for clear weather.

"That's the Neptune," murmured Rea. "She was in two weeks ago, bound for New York."

"Rea," protested her mother, "your foot is on your sewing."

Slowly Rea stooped down and picked up the white material.

"The mail's in by now," she said, with a questioning look at her mother.

They sat side by side on the piece of wreckage while he talked . . . with glowiog words of sea magic.

"You'll be home before the fog comes in, won't you?" she faltered anxiously. But Rea was gone before the question was ended; out the back door and swishing through the lilac hedge toward the dunes that stretched out beyond the uneven little clump of New England hills.

Two days more. Rea beat at the bushes with her fist in an ineffectual passion of resentment. Two days to have her little freedom. A dutiful wife. The fog was closing in and the muffled greyness pressed damply against her hot cheeks. Out beyond that greyness there was a world. Rangoon, Singapore, Cathay, Cartagena. Rich, sweet words to roll on the tongue. Crooked streets, dark faces, white sands, with a salty wind blowing the fronds of tall palms. A strong, true ship that could make easily through heavy weather. Huddled against a piece of ragged driftwood, Rea tried to shut such things away.

Sound of Rowers

THE click-clack of wood against wood roused her. Familiar sound of oars in thole pins. She listened and the sound drew close in. She crouched closer to the wreckage and heard a boat bottom grating on the sand. The sharp bow of a blue dory nosed up on the beach. Rea's eyes rounded as she watched. A man jumped from the little boat. But such a man! A tall Viking man. Hair like new yellow rope, sun gold skin. He was bending over and with one hand hauling the dory up above tide mark. As he swung around he faced Rea, and horror leaped into her eyes. A flaming torn scar puckered his cheek and one bare arm showed the same ugly mark, as though a fiery serpent had wound around his body. The horror turned at once to pity, yet not too quickly for the man to see the horror. He too stared, and his mouth drew into a sharp line. Eyes turned a stormy grey. He laughed. A harsh sound thet silenced the words on Rea's tongue. His footsteps crunched into the sand and his figure blended into the grey before Rea gathered courage enough to run after him.

"Please, won't you—won't you wait for me?" she begged.

He faced her squarely again, challenged her, and again she looked at him. Looked without flinching, for she saw only the steady grey of his eyes.

Somehow they were talking, or rather she was talking. She hardly knew what she was saying, but he answered her, and she thrilled to the sound of his voice. Once he even laughed, and there was a less harsh sound there.

At the wharf she left him and hurried up the cobbly street to the Post Office. There was no mail, but then it was, after all, only an excuse to be out in the fog. All the way home she thought of the man with the yellow hair and the blue eyes. He was off one of the barges she had watched come into the harbor. Bound to the east'ard, he had said. Portland with coal. Short little words he had answered her with, but she saw the foamy wake of an outbound vessel and felt the surge of the deck underfoot.

Soggy Grey Blanket

ALMOST before the dawn of day following Rea crept from her warm bed to look out of the window. Fog hung like a soggy grey blanket over everything. On the wall of her bedroom the calender was marking the day of her marriage to Luke. Dependable old Luke who had never been young, who had never felt the stirring of salt in his veins. Luke, who pitied his seafaring ancestors for the discomfort they had to bear on their long voyages. Only a matter of hours now before she would be his bride. To live forever in the big house. To cook and wash and scrub. To be a dutiful wife. The words ran round her mind like mice in a trap.

As soon after breakfast as she could escape the household routine, Rea slipped out the kitchen door and headed over the dunes. Down the sand to the piece of wreckage. It was hopeless and foolish to look for the blue dory, and yet she was vaguely disappointed to find it was not there.

Suddenly she put her fingers to her lips and heart barely thumped. Muffled sound of oars against thole pins. A boat coming in shore. A blue bow shoved against the sand.

She smiled and waited with an eager greeting on her lips. Smiled again at his startled expression. This time they sat side by side on the piece of wreckage while he talked. He spoke of strange spicy places, and ships that were gallant and fine. With glowing words that breathed tha lure of sea magic he made her know of it all.

"And tonight I shall be married to Luke."

A Woman Waiting

THE sailor looked hard at the sand. "There was a woman waiting for me once," he said. But he told first how he came to bear the horrible scar against his cheek. She heard the hiss of live steam from an engine room pipe, saw the man with the yellow hair and the grey eyes go through it to reach a helpless shipmate.

"She turned me down when she saw this beauty mark," finished the sailor, bitterly fingering his cheek. Now he was on a barge. No one to bother him there.

Hate suddenly flamed on Rea's tongue. Hate for the woman who had refused this man of the sea and scorned him so that he had hidden away on a barge.

She gave him wordless sympathy, and her eyes gave him that strange new thing she found in her heart. Half afraid, he would not meet her eyes and she dared not tell him with her own lips.

Her thoughts tangled over each other in a despairing cry. Oh, why didn't you come sooner. Why weren't you here before?

And as if in answer to her question he looked into her eyes. Grevely he nodded.

"You don't love him?" he asked.

"No," she sighed.

"You love the sea?"

She nodded again, and her eyes gleamed with the brightness of eager stars.

"You would be happy—out there?" His arm swept the sea mist.

"Yes—I would," she said looking straight at him. After that they sat a long while, talking earnestly.

Lifted Eyebrows

TOWARD late afternoon the fog showed signs of lifting. Rea's mother timidly made mention of the fact et the supper table. The Rev. Jonas Warren nodded absent-mindedly, then lifted his eyebrows at Rea.

"Luke will meet you at the church, and after the service you will come to the front together," he reminded her.

"Yes, father." Rea bowed and turned toward the kitchen with a handful of supper dishes.

The little white church was well filled for a Thursday night preyer meeting. Perhaps because of the rumor that Rea Warren was to be married in that shimmering white satin dress with real lace that had been worn to the altar by so many brides in the Dunnet femily.

Toward the end of the service, before the benediction, the Rev. Jonas Warren looked up and peered over the edge of his pulpit.

"My daughter Rea and Luke Dunnet will be joined together in the holy bonds of wedlock at the close of this service," be announced solemnly. "Those who like may remain for the ceremony."

No one stirred, except to settle themselves more comfortably in the hard wooden pews.

The last choky notes of the little organ had died away, and the choir had put down their red hymnals when Jonas stood up and opened his prayer book.

"You may come forward now," he commanded, his short near-sighted eyes staring toward the back of the church. All heads turned and the pews squeaked as the congregation squirmed for a better look.

The rear door of the church opened with the usual protest. Hastily, and very much out of breath, Luke Dunnet came pattering up the aisle, but alone! His face was a tragic study of despair and anger. He was hatless and bedraggled. His new suit was limp and wrinkled with dampness. A small boy in one of the pews tittered audibly and was slapped by his mother, who was intent on what Luke would say. The congregation leaned forward to hear the better.

A Bit of Paper

"SHE'S—she's gone!" stuttered Luke as he reached the Rev. Jonas Warren. He shoved a wrinkled bit of white paper onto the open Bible that lay on the pulpit. "She's gone with a sailor!" he gasped.

Jonas Warren swallowed twice, reached for his hat that he kept under the pulpit and started off down the aisle, with Luke in his wake. The door squeaked open and slammed shut before the congregation recovered.

With the activity of swarming bees they buzzed out the little wooden building into the warm dusk of the Summer evening. A jostling excited little mob followed the flapping coat-tails of the Rev. Jonas Warren. On the brow of the little hill that overlooked the harbor Jonas Warren and Luke Dunnet halted. Behind them cluttered the congregation.

"There she goes!" Luke'e forefinger marked the distance. The sea mist had lifted, a tug and two barges were making slowly out harbor.

Now the village had something to talk about. Even after they learned, beyond a doubt, that Rea and the man she had run away with were married, they had plenty to talk about. Rea, the girl who gave up a good home and a steady man like Luke, for a sailor off a barge; a sailor with a scar on his face.

Sometimes word of Rea drifts back to the village. Coming in from the fishing grounds one day, Sam Cahoon, of the Dorothy K, reported passing close to a barge in tow and seeing Rea on the afterdeck, arm in arm with her scarfaced sailor. They waved and smiled at Sam, he said, as he passed under their stern in the Dorothy K.

"She's happy? Mmph!" the village says unbelievedly. "Living on a dirty barge and always on the water? Mmph!"

Rea had wreathed herself in the seaweed and was whirling and prencing to the thunder of the surf.

Mr. Bisbee's Princess

Continued from preceding page

It was not until the following Spring that there burst upon the community a piece of news sufficiently sensational to divert from Mr. Bisbee the last remnants of his fame.

Alice Murchison Thresher, who had started with her husband on a leisurely trip around the world, suddenly left him and came home to live, and rumors concerning the reason for the separetion ran riot through the town.

Under the furious torrent of new gossip Mr. Bisbee found himself and his last year's romance submerged and apparently forgotten.

The saddening consciousness he had of dropping back into the dull old ways culminated one evening when he came home and found himself involved in a new argument. Stella and Pauline had decided that the sedan was inadequate to their needs and that, since the new country club would soon be opening they ought to have a chauffeur and a limousine.

When he mildly protested, Stella became angry.

"It's only that I don't want to throw money around," he said. "I mustn't stop laying it by. I want to leave my wife and daughter well fixed."

"Do you imagine I don't know you?" Stella asked bitterly. "Here Pauline and I are making a lot of desireble friends, getting away from the rag-tag-and-bobtail crowd we used to go with, and what help do we get from you? None! You're nothing but an old stick-in-the-mud!"

Stick-in-the-mud! She had called him that before—he who at the present rete would soon be the largest silverware and jewelry dealer in the entire State!

The memory of the outrageous term lingered with him as he went downtown next morning, giving him a new sense of the futility of life.

He entered the store, and on his way back to the office took the morning mail from Miss Olick, but instead of opening the letters when he reached his desk, he fell into a fit of abstraction and sat staring at the carpet.

Would Understand

WHAT was it all about? What was he struggling for? Why was he always hoping that some day Stella would understand him and treat him decently?

He took up his steel letter-opener and ran through the pile of mail, swiftly slitting the successive envelopes until he came to a large oblong one of crisp, light-blue paper. It bore foreign stamps, and the moment he saw the bold, angular handwriting his heart leaped and he snatched the letter out and with fingers that trembled in their eagerness, and unfolded the single sheet of paper.

At the upper left corner a coronet was stamped in dark blue, and at the right the name of a chateau.

Rapidly he read:

Dear Mr. Bisbee.

Last year when I was crossing the American continent you were so good as to give a pair of patent eyeglasses which have been most useful. Having broken them, and being unable to find any like them over here, I was quite in despair until today I found your card.

Will you please send me two pair of glasses at the above address and let me know the amount due?

Pray accept my best wishes.

Sincerely yours,
Gabriella Lescaboura.

P.S.—I do not forget your kindness. G. L.

She did not forget! There, in her beautiful brave writing, over the initials that stood for her beautiful name, was the assurance! He laid the letter on the desk before him and, without removing his eyes from it, drew out his pocketbook, felt for the postcard photograph, and put it down beside the letter.

She alone had never failed to understand him. Without her the world would be empty. A tear trickled down his cheek. Faugh! He brushed it away. Tears were not for men. He must not weaken. He stiffened his spine, sitting erect in his swivel chair, and as he did so, his spirit stiffened.

"Your Highness!"

He was a hussar of the guards with sword at the salute—a sword which, at need, could flash in her defence. He narrowed his eyes and with one hand poised behind him, pointed the weapon grimly as if holding off the blade of a determined adversary.

"For a lady's name!"

Let them come! He was more than a match for them all.

He would meet steel with cold steel, fighting for her until life itself paid the forfeit.

Ukridge and the Old Stepper

By P. G. WODEHOUSE
Illustrated by Hubert Mathieu

"CORKY, old horse," said Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge in a stunned voice, "this is the most amazing thing I have heard in the whole course of my existence. You could knock me down with a feather."

"I wish I had one."

"This suit—this shabby, worn-out suit—you don't really mean to stand there and tell me that you actually wanted this suit? Why, upon my honest Sam, when I came on it while rummaging through your belongings yesterday, I thought it was just something you had discarded and forgotten to give to the deserving poor."

I spoke my mind. Spring, coming to London in a burst of golden sunshine, was calling imperiously to all young men to rejoice in their youth, to put on their new herringbone-pattern lounge suits and go out and give the populace an eyeful; and this I had been prevented from doing by the fact that my new suit had disappeared.

After a separation of twenty-four hours, I had just met it in Piccadilly with Ukridge inside it.

I continued to speak, and was beginning to achieve a certain eloquence when, from a taxicab beside us, there alighted a small, dapper old gentleman who might have been a duke or one of the better-class ambassadors or something of that sort. He wore a pointed white beard, a silk hat, lavender spats, an Ascot tie, and a gardenia; and, if anyone had told me that such a man could have even a nodding acquaintance with S. F. Ukridge, I should have laughed hollowly. Furthermore, if I had been informed that Ukridge, warmly greeted by such a man, would have ignored him and passed coldly on, I should have declined to believe it.

Miracles Happen

NEVERTHELESS, both these miracles happened.

"Stanley!" cried the old gentleman. "Bless my soul, I haven't seen you for years. Come and have some lunch, my dear boy."

"Corky," said Ukridge, speaking in a low, strained voice, "let us be getting along."

"But did you hear him?" I gasped. "He asked you to lunch."

"I heard him. Corky, old boy," said Ukridge gravely. "I'll tell you. That bloke is best avoided."

"Who is he?"

"An uncle of mine."

"But he seemed respectable."

"That is to say, a stepuncle. Or would you call him step-step? He married my late stepmother's stepsister. I'm not half-sure," said Ukridge, pondering, "that step-step-step wouldn't be the correct description."

These were deep waters, into which I was not prepared to plunge.

"But what did you want to cut him for?"

"It's a long story. I'll tell you at lunch."

"If you think that, after pinching my Spring suit, you're going to get so much as a crust of bread——"

"Calm yourself, laddie. You're lunching with me. Largely on the strength of this suit, I managed to touch old George Tupper for a fiver. Joy will be unconfined."

"Corky," said Ukridge some ten minutes later, "do you ever brood on what might have been?"

"I'm doing it now. I might have been wearing that suit."

"There is no need to go into that again," said Ukridge with dignity. "What I mean is, do you ever brood on the inscrutable workings of Fate, and reflect how, but for this or that, you might have been—well, that or this? For instance, but for the old Stepper I would be the mainstay of a vast business and, in all probability, happily married to a charming girl and the father of half a dozen prattling children."

"Ah, yes."

Surreptitious Monkey Wrench

FATE, said Ukridge, is odd. Just when things appear to be going smoothest, bang! comes the spanner into the machinery, and there you are. Take this business I'm going to tell you about. Just before it happened I had begun to look upon myself as fortune's favorite child. Everything was breaking right in the most astounding fashion.

My Aunt Julia, having sailed for America on one of her lecturing tours, had lent me her cottage at Market Deeping in Sussex till her return, with instructions to the local tradesmen to let me have the necessaries of life and chalk them up to her. From some source I had snaffled two pairs of white flannel trousers and a tennis racket. And I had contrived to get a couple of quid out of old Tuppy. My position was solid. I ought to have known that luck like that couldn't last.

Now, in a parting conversation, Aunt Julia had revealed the fact that her motive in sticking me down at her cottage had not been simply to insure that I have a pleasant Summer. It seemed that at Deeping Hall, the big house of the locality, there resided a certain Sir Edward Bayliss, O.B.E., a bird in the jute industry. To this day I have never quite got it clear what jute really is; but this Sir Edward was the sort of O.B.E. to keep in with, for his business had endless openings for the bright young man.

Well, I took the next train down to Market Deeping. And the first thing for you to do, Corky, is to visualize the general layout of the place.

My aunt's cottage, "Journey's Ende," was here where this bit of bread is. Here, next to it, where I've put the potato, was a smallish house, "Pondicherry," belonging to Colonel Bayliss, the jute fancier's brother. The gardens adjoined, but anything in the way of neighborly fraternizing was prevented for the moment by the fact that the Colonel was away—at Harrogate, trying to teach his liver to take a joke. All this expanse here—I'll mark it with a splash of Worcester sauce—was the park of Deeping Hall, beyond which was the Hall itself.

A Pretty Girl

WELL, as you can see from the diagram, the park of the Hall abutted—if that's the word I want—on the back garden of my cottage. And judge of my emotions when, on the first morning after my arrival, I saw the most extraordinarily pretty girl walking there—hither and thither. She came so close once that I could have hit her with an apple. Not that I did, of course.

I gathered that this must be the O.B.E.'s daughter, or something on those lines, and I found my whole attitude toward the jute business, which up till then had been what you might call lukewarm, changing in a flash. It didn't take me more than a second to realize that a job involving this girl was practically an ideal one. I called at the hall that afternoon, mentioning my name, and, from the very start, everything went like a breeze.

The days flew by. The O.B.E. was chummy. The girl—her name was Myrtle, and I think she had found life at Market Deeping a bit on the slow side till I arrived—always seemed glad to see me. I was the petted neighbor.

And then, one afternoon, in walked the Stepper.

There have been occasions in my life, Corky, when, if I had seen a strange man with a white beard walking up the path to the front door of the house where I was living, I would have ducked through the back premises and remained concealed till he had withdrawn. But it so happened my financial affairs were on a sound basis and I hadn't a single creditor in the world. So I went down and opened the door and found him beaming on the mat.

"Stanley Ukridge?" he said.

"Yes," I said.

"I called at your aunt's house at Wimbledon the other day, and they told me you were here. I'm your Uncle Percy from Australia, my boy. I married your late stepmother's stepsister, Alice."

A Grandfatherly Welcome

I DON'T suppose anybody with a pointed white beard has ever received a heartier welcome. I don't know if you have any pet day-dream, Corky, but mine had always been the sudden appearance of the rich Uncle from Australia. And here he was, looking as I had always expected him to look.

"You can put me up for a week or two, Stanley?"

"Delighted."

"Nice little place you have here."

"Glad you like it."

"Wants a bit of smartening up, though," said the Stepper, looking round at the appointments and not seeming to think a lot of them. Aunt Julia had furnished the cottage fairly sparsely.

"Some comfortable chairs, eh?"

"Fine."

"And a sofa."

"Splendid."

"And perhaps a nice little Summerhouse for the garden."

I've always maintained, and always will maintain, that there's nothing in this world to beat a real bachelor establishment. Men have a knack of making themselves comfortable that few women can ever achieve. Aunt Julia's idea of a chair, for instance, was some antique made to the order of the Spanish Inquisition.

The Stepper had the right conception. Men arrived in vans and unloaded things with slanting backs and cushioned seats, and, whenever I wasn't over at the Hall, I wallowed in these. The Stepper wallowed in them all the time. Occasionally he put in an hour or so in the Summerhouse—for he had caused a Summerhouse to appear at the bottom of the garden—but mostly you would find him indoors, with all the windows shut and something to drink at his elbow. He said he had had so much fresh air in Australia that what he wanted now was something he could scoop out with a spoon.

It is always a nervous business for a fellow to entertain the girl he loves and her father . . . It doesn't help when a couple of the proletariat . . . start carrying out the chairs.

I gathered that this must be the O.B.E.'s daughter, or something on those lines, and I felt my whole attitude toward the jute business . . . changing in a flash.

Would Have None of It

ONCE or twice I tried to get him over to the Hall, but he would have none of it. He said, from what he knew of O.B.E.'s he wouldn't be allowed to take his boots off, and ran, moreover, a grave risk of being offered barley water. Apparently he had once met a teetotal O.B.E. in Sydney and was prejudiced.

However, he was most sympathetic when I told him about Myrtle. He said that he was broadminded enough to realize that there might quite possibly be women in the world unlike his late wife. Concerning whom he added that the rabbit was not, as had been generally stated, Australia's worst pest.

"Tell me of this girl, my boy," he said. "Do you give her presents?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, Uncle Percy," I said, "I was rather planning something of the kind, if only I could see my way to managing it. It's her birthday next week, Uncle Percy, and it crossed my mind that, if I could stumble on somebody who could slip me a few quid, something might possibly be done about it, Uncle Percy."

"Now, let me see," mused the old Stepper, wriggling his feet a couple of inches farther onto the table and knitting the brow a bit. "What shall it be? Jewelry? No. Girls like their little bit of jewelry, but perhaps it would scarcely do. I have it. A sundial!"

"A what?" I said.

"A sundial," said the old Stepper. "What could be a more pretty and tasteful gift? No doubt she has a little garden of her own, some sequestered nook, where she wanders in maiden meditation on Summer evenings. If so, she needs a sundial."

"But, Uncle Percy," I said doubtfully, "do you really think——. My idea was rather that if you could possibly let me have a fiver—or say a tenner to make up the round sum——"

A Sundial

"SHE draws a sundial," said the old Stepper firmly, "and likes it."

"But you can't get a sundial," I urged.

"I can get a sundial," said the old Stepper, with a good deal of asperity. "I can get anything. Sundials, elephants, if you want them. I'm noted for it. Show me the man who says that Charles Percy Cuthbertson can't get a sundial, and I'll give him the lie in his teeth. That's where I'll give it him. In his teeth!"

And, as he seemed to be warming up a bit, we left it at that. I never dreamed that he would make good, of course. You'll admit, I think, Corky, that I'm a pretty gifted fellow, but, if anyone called upon me at practically a moment's notice to produce a sundial, I should be nonplussed. Nevertheless, on the morning of Myrtle's birthday, I heard a yodel under my window, and there he was, standing beside a wheelbarrow containing one of the nicest sundials I had ever seen. It all seemed to me more like magic than anything, and I began to feel like Aladdin. Apparently my job, from now on, was simply to rub the lamp and the Stepper would do the rest.

"There you are, my boy," he said, dusting the thing off with a handkerchief and regarding it in a fatherly sort of way. "You give the little lady that and she'll let you cuddle her behind the front door."

"She ought to like it," I agreed.

"Of course, she'll like it. She'd better like it. Show me a wholesome, sweet-minded English girl who doesn't like a sundial and I'll paste her on the nose," said the Stepper warmly. "Why, it's got a motto and everything."

"Ye Sunne and Shoures"

AND so it had. In Old English letters. Some rot about ye sunne and ye shoures. A really classy sundial.

"I'll tell you what I was thinking of doing, Uncle Percy," I said. "How would it be to take this thing over to the Hall this morning and ask Myrtle and her father to tea here? One ought to repay hospitality."

"Certainly," said the Stepper. "And I'll make the house a bower of roses."

"Can you get roses?"

"Can I get roses! Don't keep asking me if I can get things. Of course, I can get roses. And eggs, too."

"We shan't want eggs."

"We shall want eggs," said Stepper, beginning to hot up again. "If eggs are good enough for me, they're good enough for the pop-eyed daughter of a blighted O.B.E. Or don't you think so?"

"Oh quite, Uncle Percy, quite," I said.

I would have liked to inform him that Myrtle wasn't pop-eyed, but he didn't seem in the mood.

Any doubts I may have had as to the acceptability of my present vanished as soon as I had wheeled it across the park in its barrow. The Stepper had had the right idea. Myrtle was all over the sundial.

I sprang the tea invitation, and, for a moment, it looked as if there was going to be a hitch. Uncle Philip, the Colonel, it seemed, was due to materialize that afternoon. He always made a point of being present for his niece's birthday, however far he had to come to be there; and he would be terribly hurt, if he arrived and found she had let him down. What to do?

"Bring him along," I said, of course.

All Was Well

THE Colonel, on getting off the train and going to the Hall, would find a note instructing him to come and revel at Journey's Ende. So I wheeled the wheelbarrow back to the cottage, feeling that all was well. And at about half past four the maid who came in from the village by the day to do our cooking and washing up announced Sir Edward and Miss Bayliss.

I'm an old campaigner now, Corky, and Fate has to take its coat off and spit on its hands a bit, if it wants to fool me. Today, when Fate offers me something gilt-edged, I look it over coldly. I assume, till it has been proved otherwise, that attached to it somewhere there is a string. But, at the time of which I am speaking, I was younger, more buoyant, more credulous; and I honestly supposed that this tea party of mine was going to be the success it seemed at the start.

The thing had got under way without a suspicion of anything in the nature of a disaster.

Sir Edward had not bumped his head against the beam on the ceiling just inside the front door. And though the Stepper's roses were present in wonderful profusion, he himself hadn't shown up. And that seemed to me the biggest stroke of luck of the lot.

You see, the old Stepper wasn't everybody's money. To begin with, he had an apparently incurable dislike of O.B.E.'s; and then, he combined with a hot-blooded and imperious nature, the odd belief that eggs were a suitable food for adult human beings at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. And he was so touchy, too—so ready to resent opposition. I had had visions of him standing over Sir Edward and shoving eggs down his throat at the point of a table knife. He was better away, and I hoped he had fallen into a ditch and couldn't get out.

Merry Prattle

I WAS at the top of my form. I handed cups; I slid the toast about; I prattled merrily. And I could see the old boy was impressed. These O.B.E.'s are silent, reserved men, and he just looked at me, from time to time, in a meditative way. Then, as he was dipping into his third cup of tea, out he came into the open and began to talk turkey.

"Your aunt—. Have you heard from her, by the way?"

"Not yet. I suppose she's very busy."

"I imagine so. An energetic woman."

"Very. All we Ukridges are energetic. We do not spare ourselves."

"Your aunt," resumed the old boy, swallowing some more tea, "gave me the impression, on one of the conversations we had before she left England, that you were looking for an opening in the world of commerce."

"Yes," I said.

"In my own business," he was beginning, "the jute business——"

Just then the door opened and the maid appeared. She was one of those snorting girls, and she snorted something about a gentleman. I couldn't get it.

"Who's a gentleman?" I said.

"Outside. He says he wants to see you."

"It must be Uncle Philip," said Myrtle.

"Of course," I said. "Show him in. Don't keep him waiting, my good girl. Show him in at once."

And in came a massive bloke with large eyebrows and a sort of look about him that made you feel he believed in infant damnation. Obviously not the Colonel, for Myrtle and the O.B.E. gave no sign of recognition. Then who? The man was a perfect stranger to me.

However, I flattered myself I could play the host.

"Good afternoon," I said affably.

"Afternoon," said the bloke.

"Take a chair," I said.

"I'm going to take all the chairs," he said. "And the sofa, too. I'm from the Mammoth Furnishing Company, and the check for the deposit on this stuff has been returned 'Refer to drawer'."

Reeled and Tottered

IT is not too much to say, Corky, that I reeled. Yes, laddie, your old friend tottered and would have fallen, had he not clutched at a chair. And, from the look in the bloke's eye, it began to seem that my chances of clutching at that particular chair were likely to be very soon a thing of the past.

He had one of those brooding eyes—two, probably, only there was a patch over the left one. I think someone must have hit him there. A fellow like that could scarcely go through life for long without getting punched in the eye.

"But, my dear old horse——" I began.

"It's no use arguing. We've written twice and never got an answer, and I've instructions from the firm to take the stuff."

"But we're using it."

"Not now," said the blighter. "You're finished."

I look back on that moment, Corky, old boy, as one of the worst in my career. It is always a nervous business for a fellow to entertain the girl he loves and her father. And, believe me, it doesn't help pass things off when a couple of the proletariat surge into the room and start carrying out all the chairs. Conversation during the proceedings was, you might say, at a standstill; and, even after the operations were over, it wasn't any too easy to get it going again.

"Some absurd mistake," I said.

"No doubt," said the O.B.E.

"I shall write those people a very stiff letter tonight."

"No doubt."

"That furniture was bought by my uncle, one of the wealthiest men in Australia. It's absurd to suppose that a man of standing would——"

"No doubt. Myrtle, my dear, I think we will be going."

Some Impressive Talking

THEN, Corky, I spread myself. On not a few occasions in a life that has had its ups and downs I have been compelled to do some impressive talking. But now I surpassed all previous efforts.

The thought of all that was slipping away from me spurred me to heights I have never reached before or since. And gradually, little by little, I made headway.

The old boy tried to shake me off and edge through the French windows; but it is pretty hard to shake me off when I am at my best. I grabbed him by the buttonhole and steered him back into the room. And, when, in a dazed sort of way, he reached out and took a slice of cake, I knew the battle was won.

"The way I look at it is this," I said, getting between him and the window. "A man like my uncle would no doubt have a number of accounts in different banks. The one on which he drew this check happened to have insufficient funds in it, and the manager, with gross discourtesy——"

"Well, yes, possibly."

"I shall tell my uncle of what has occurred."

At this moment somebody behind me said "Ha!" or it may have been "Ho!"—and I spun around and there in the French window was standing another perfect stranger.

This new addition to our little party was long, lean, Anglo-Indian-looking individual. You know the type. Beige as to general color scheme and rather like a Vulture with a white moustache.

"Uncle Philip!" cried Myrtle.

The Vulture gave a kind of nod in her direction. He seemed upset about something.

"Don't talk to me," he said. "I haven't time. Many happy returns of the day, and so forth, but don't talk to me now, child. There's the man I want to talk to."

"You know Mr. Ukridge?"

"No, I don't. And I don't want to. But I know he's stolen——"

He broke off with a hideous rattle in his voice, and I saw that he was staring at the table. It belonged to my aunt and was the only thing in the room that the shirt-sleeve birds had left, so it was fairly conspicuous.

An Oxyacetylene Gaze

HE switched an eye round and let it play on me like an oxyacetylene blowpipe. I don't know what the treatment for liver is at Harrogate, but they ought to change it. It's ineffective. It had obviously done this man no good at all.

The O.B.E. came to the surface.

"What's the matter, Philip?" he asked, annoyed. He had only just finished coughing, having swallowed a bit of cake the wrong way.

"I'll tell you what's the matter. I was in my garden just now, and I found it looted—looted! That man there has stripped it of every rose I possess. My roses! The place is a desert."

"Is this true, Mr. Ukridge?" asked the O.B.E.

"Certainly not," I said.

"Oh, it isn't?" said the Vulture. "It isn't, eh? There aren't any rose trees in the garden of this house. I've been here half a dozen times and I ought to know. Where did you get those roses? Answer me that."

"My uncle gave them to me."

The O.B.E. having now disposed of the cake uttered a nasty laugh.

"Your uncle!" he said.

"What uncle?" cried the Vulture. "Where's this uncle? Show me this uncle. Produce him!"

"I'm afraid it would be a little difficult to do that, Philip," said the O.B.E., and I didn't at all like his manner. "It appears that Mr. Ukridge possesses a mysterious uncle. Nobody has ever set eyes on him, but it would seem that he buys furniture and does not pay for it, steals roses——"

"And sundials," put in the Vulture.

"Sundials?"

"That's what I said. After I'd had a look at my garden I went over to the Hall, and there in the middle of the lawn was my sundial. They told me this fellow here had given it to Myrtle."

Come Back at Him

I WASN'T in any too good shape by this time, but I collected enough of the old manly spirit to come back at him.

"How do you know it was your sundial?" I said.

"Because it had my motto on it. And, as if that wasn't enough, he's stolen my Summerhouse!"

The O.B.E. gulped.

"Your Summerhouse?" he said in a low, almost reverent voice. The spaciousness of the thing seemed to have affected his vocal cords. "How could he have stolen a Summerhouse?"

"I don't know how he did it. In sections, I suppose. It's one of those portable Summerhouses. I had it sent down from the Stores last month. And there it is, standing at the bottom of his garden. I tell you, the man ought not to be at large. He's a menace. When I was in France, during the war, a platoon of Australians scrounged one of my [illegible] iron sheds one night, but I never expected that that sort of thing happened in England."

"Sir Edward," I said, "let me explain. My uncle——"

But it was no use, Corky. They wouldn't listen. The O.B.E. gave me one look, the Vulture gave me another, and I rather fancy Myrtle gave me a third; and then they pushed off and I was alone.

I went over to the table and helped myself to a bit of cold toast, a broken man.

About ten minutes later there was a sound of cheery whistling outside and the Stepper walked in.

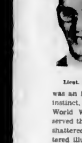
"Here I am, my boy," said the Stepper. "I've got the eggs." And he began shedding them out of every pocket. It looked as if he had

(Continued on Next Page)

Canadian Wins Fame

John Cabot Honored as First Italian in Canada

LIEUTENANT Francesco M. Gualtiere, like Paul, is proud of his Roman citizenship. He came to Canada four years ago from the University of Rome to study at the University of Toronto, and on the 24th birthday of the imperial city from which he hailed he published a little book called "Wi Italiana," the first volume ever published in Canada by an Italian. So one pioneer dedicated his work to the other pioneer.



Lieut. Gualtiere

Francesco Gualtiere was an idealistic young Italian lad, a poet by instinct, delighting in the beautiful, when the World War enmeshed him in its net. He served throughout and peace found him with a shattered and crippled leg and many shattered illusions and ideals. It was a war after the war in which he struggled through the doubts, misgivings and hesitations common to those who served, no matter what their banner was. But he had at least a means of expression and in lonely and spiritually beautiful verse he transmuted the discontents of his mind into clear and rational thinking. So with writing, teaching, studying in a leisurely, unhurrying gait, the years after peace passed and he found himself at last with the urge for action and adventure. And that urge led him to Canada, to contrast a very new with a very old civilization.

He came without a word of English in his vocabulary, and the first year or two were isolated ones for this diffident and delicately eager young poet. He wrote a collection of verses, shortly to be published in Italy, which he called "Exiles for Bread" and in which he crystallized the soul of also Italian emigrant. Then he wrote an Italian drama, which was produced in New York and which he supervised in production. New York seemed to keep him but the United States immigration laws sent the young dramatist back to Canada. Meantime his friendships and his contacts had expanded. He was now familiar with the English tongue and he was exceedingly familiar with the use of English words on paper. He threw himself with ardor into the writing of his first English book, an ambitious work for an author in any tongue—a literary life and criticism of Pagini. It was the first time it had been done comprehensively in either English or Italian. This book he dedicated to John Cabot, the first Italian to land in Canada.

The folk lore of the Canadian Italian has caught the fancy of this very active and imaginative young man and he is collecting material for an Italian volume on the subject. During a visit to Vancouver he was astonished to find in a public library there a seventeenth century volume of Indian legends written by an Italian missionary who served in New France. Since that day there has never been another volume on the subject.

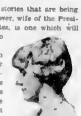
Lieut. Gualtiere was one of the founders of the Italian War Veterans' Association and it was at their insistent request that he turned over his manuscript "Wi Italiana" to them for publication. He has become the voice of his compatriots and his fellow soldiers demanded the right to foster this first Italian book in the new land.

After his four years in the Dominion the soldier-poet, so curiously compounded of the practical and the poetic, is passionately sincere in his desire to see old and new Canadians better friends. Life is very full to him these days and he scarcely knows where he will turn his hand first—to preaching Canada in Italy, or to preaching Italy in Canada.

"There's Only One of Me" Mrs. Hoover Told Crew of U.S.S. Maryland

AMONG the pleasing stories that are being told about Mrs. Hoover, wife of the President of the United States, is one which will appeal particularly to sailors.

During the trip taken by Mr. and Mrs. Hoover to South America, following his election, the President-elect and his party planned to leave the cruiser Maryland at Valparaiso in order to cross the Andes to the Atlantic, where the Utah was to pick them up.



Mrs. Hoover

The men of the Maryland staged a farewell party and a young chief petty officer made a graceful speech of appreciation.

Mr. Hoover, standing back in the shadows of the deck, could not be seen when the speaker concluded. It was expected that he would come forward and make a few remarks, but he did not. Instead, Mr. Hoover walked up to the illuminated ring where the speaker stood.

"Dear Davy Jones," she said, using the name which had been conferred on the young officer in honor of his brilliant performance of that role during the customary ceremonies when the ship crossed the Equator. "I want you to know how much Mr. Hoover and myself appreciate what you have said about us. I want you to know that we shall never forget the Maryland, her officers and her enlisted men. We are leaving you with a heavy heart.

"If you come to Washington at some future time and you see me on the street, or elsewhere, I may not recognize you, for you are all different in civilian clothes. You must remember, too, that there are a lot of you, and only one of me. If that happens you must not hesitate to come up and speak to me. Tell me that you were on the Maryland, and I shall be so happy to see you again."

"How long were you engaged in Charles?"

"I don't know, my watch stopped."

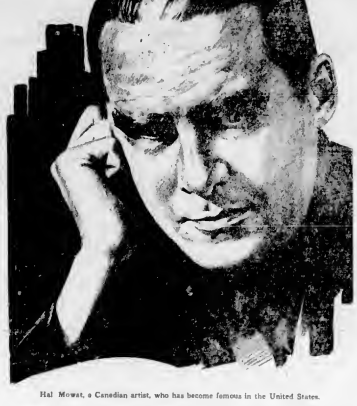
IT is a far cry from Winchester Street, Toronto, to a lofty, high-windowed studio in West 67th Street, New York—the artistic Mecca, where every tall building in a certain section contains of specially constructed studio apartments. It is even farther when the boy has been traveled via London, Paris and the trenches of Flanders, as it was by a man whose blurry signature is familiar to all readers of certain very popular periodicals published in the United States and who stands in the topmost rank of magazine illustrators today—H. J. Mowat, whose peculiar gift for portraying the very heart of a dramatic mystery in black and white has raised much heart-burning among the editors who want his services and can't get him.

A literary luncheon party in New York was recently surprised on time when the question of successful Canadians in the United States came up, and the New York editor of the Red Book referred to Hal Mowat as one of this distinguished company. "Sure!" said the editor. "He's a Canadian all right. He was born in Montreal and lived a long time in Toronto—"

London is the city closest to his heart as an artist. "I love London," he says. "It's a great place for a black-and-white worker. But New York, of course, is the real market for one's wares. In the very early days I made the rounds of the New York publishing houses with a portfolio under my arm, meeting the usual disappointments that all young artists must encounter. My first commission, I remember, was from the American Magazine, and I took the job so seriously that I spent several days hunting the docks to find exactly the right type of sailor for my illustration. Finally I found him, dragged him to my attic of a studio, paid him handsomely for his time and after delivering my drawings in high hope found that I had just about broken even on the transaction! Arthur Sinnger and Arthur William Browne roomed in the same shabby house with me at that time—they have since become really famous. I've never been what one might call a success, because I work too slowly. I'm not good at mass production.

"You like your job?" he was asked.

"Rather!" he answered, his seriousness giving way to a smile. "But—" and he waved a hand about the studio, dusky now in the twilight, with its pillars, its baleony and its paneled walls—"this is no way to live! One of these days I'm coming back to Canada, I own a hilltop just outside of Montreal and that's the place I want to settle down. It is practically impossible to work in New York and live anywhere else, and I don't know just how I'll manage it. But I have a small son and no boy should be forced to take an elevator every time he goes out."



Hal Mowat, a Canadian artist, who has become famous in the United States.

Octogenarian Athlete Wins Marathon Prize At Vancouver

TO live eighty years is an achievement in itself. When people say of an octogenarian that "he seems to be possessed of all his faculties," they do so with flattering awe.

Such a remark about Major C. B. Poyntz, of Vancouver, would be only sarcastic. There are men of fifty who merit that appraisal more than he. He is an athlete.

A Vancouver newspaper held an eleven-mile walking marathon around Stanley Park recently. There were five classes, one of which was for men of sixty or more. Of the seventy entrees in this veteran group, Major Poyntz was much the oldest. He spotted his competitors from nine to nineteen years and finished fifth, winning a prize for his effort in 1.59, a minute less than two hours.

At his first appearance in a meet of any consequence, in Leicestershire, he amused the crowd by winning the 100-yard dash and the mile run. Gradually he developed into one of the best milers of his day in the Midlands, clipping off the distance in a fairly consistent 4:32, still considered good time in first class company.

Born in County Cork, he attended school and college in Ireland, but after being artixed to an architect he ran away at seventeen and joined the Dragoon Guards. During the eight months before his family found him out and hauled him back to complete his apprenticeship, he learned the groundwork of what is today his favorite sport, fencing.

Fencing happens to be not one of the popular sports in Vancouver, but Major Poyntz's cunning with the foils has not deserted him despite a lack of competition. He has a few pupils to whom he gives lessons.

Last Fall there was a convention of about 100 window dressers in Vancouver. A friend of the major's asked him to arrange some kind of entertainment for the banquet. There had recently come to town a young French fencing master, M. Gerard de Moulieu, who was struggling to build up a class, and a match was arranged.

"I had found out how he could beat me," explained the major afterwards with a chuckle. "So I did not give him a chance. At slow deliberate fencing he was my master, but I went right at him and rushed him off his feet."

Age conquered youth by greater aggressiveness!

His sideboard is covered with trophies of his prowess as an athlete, a swordsman and shot. In pre-Bisley days he was a member of the Irish team at the international rifle meet at Wimbledon and for his individual scores won the St. George's silver jewel, a salver and a purse of gold. During the Boer War, debarred by his age from overseas service, he was employed by the regular army as a musketry instructor.

His last race prior to the Vancouver marathon was at Cardiff. It was a 26½-mile walking contest open to all-comers. He was thirty-fifty-three years old, but in a field of eighty-seven he finished fifth, by an odd coincidence in that race also.

A Fresh Start

An angry man rushed into a newspaper office and shouted: "See here, you've published an announcement of my death by mistake. That's got to be corrected."

"Well," replied the young man at the counter, "we never retract anything we have published, but I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll put you in the births column tomorrow and give you a fresh start."

Ukridge and the Old Stepper

(Continued From Preceding Page)

been looting every henroost in the neighborhood. "Where are our guests?"

"Gone."

"Gone?"

He looked around.

"Hullo! Where's the furniture?"

"Gone."

"Gone?"

I explained.

"Tut, tut!" said the Stepper.

I sniffed a bit.

Returned Checks

"DON'T make shuning noises at me, my boy," said the Stepper rapsrouty. "The best of them have checks returned from time to time."

"And I suppose the best of men sneak eggs and roses and sundials and Summerhouses?" I said. And I spoke bitterly, Corky.

"Eh?" said the Stepper. "You don't mean to say—"

"I certainly do."

"Tell me all."

I told him all.

"Too bad!" he said. "I never have been able to shake off this habit of scrounging. When my Charles Percy Cuthbertson is, there he scrounges. But who would have supposed that people would make a fuss about a little thing like that? I'm disappointed in the old country. Why, nobody in Australia minds a little scrounging. What's mine is yours and what's yours is mine—that's our motto out there. Oh, well, there's nothing to be done about it, I suppose."

"There's a lot to be done about it!" I said. "The G.B.E. doesn't believe I've got an uncle. He thinks I pinched all those things myself."

"Does he?" said the Stepper thoughtfully. "Does he, indeed?"

"And the least you can do is to go up to the Hall and explain."

"Precisely what I was about to suggest myself. I'll walk over now and put everything right. Trust me, my boy. I'll soon fix things up."

And he trotted out. And that, Corky, is the last I ever saw of him till today.

It's my belief he never went anywhere near the Hall. I am convinced that he walked straight to the station, no doubt pocketing a couple of telegraph poles and a five-barred gate or so on the way, and took the next train to London.

Certainly there was nothing in the G.B.E. manner, when I met him next day in the village, to suggest that everything had been put right and things fixed up. I don't suppose a jute merchant has ever cut anybody so thoroughly.

And that's why I wish to impress it upon you, Corky, that that snaky and conscienceless old Stepper is best avoided. No matter how glittering the prospects he may hold out, I say to you—shun him!

Looking at the thing in one way, taking the short, narrow view, I am not a lunch—possibly a good lunch. But do I regret? No. Who knows but what a man like that would have been called to the telephone at the evening hour, leaving me stuck with the bill?

And even supposing he really has got money now—how did he get it? That is the question.

I shall make inquiries; and, if I find that someone has pinched the Albert Memorial, I shall know what to think!

Manager of concert hall (hearing long signs during selection of plantation songs): "Ah! sir, I see you are a Southerner."

The Other—No, I'm a musician.

Declared the Hollinger Prospect Was "No D— Good"

SOMEWHERE in its musking and forest fastnesses, Northern Ontario holds the secret of Alec D'Aldri. The tragi-comedy of the prospector who discovered one of the world's richest mines and said it was "no d——good" is no mere camp-fire invention. It is gospel truth. Alec D'Aldri came seventy-five miles to the cabin of Joe Moore, the Indian trapper. The trail came east across the De Graasy River into the township of Adams. Here he built his first camp. Um a cedar tree is carved 1907. Alec did the work by himself. He made a trail to the centre of the south boundary of what is now the Hollinger mine. This broke out on Lots 9 and 10 of what is now the Township of Tisdale. He discovered another quartz lead on the present Hollinger vein. This he "single-jacked," i.e., used a little drill and powder. "It's no d——good!" declared Alec. This about a mine that has now turned out roughly one hundred and thirty millions in gold. Alec is a mystery man. It is not known why he never recorded the Hollinger or the McIntyre, as he had done work on both properties. He died in some unknown way in the bush. Some say he was drowned.

Amanullah Joins Ranks of Select Colony of Deposed Kings

AMANULLAH, who lost the throne of Afghanistan because he tried to foist European ideas and customs on the tribesmen of his mountain kingdom, has now, it seems, given up attempts to regain his realm and will seek refuge in Europe. In going into retirement he will be following the fashion set by Kaiser William II a decade ago and carried on by a dozen or so other monarchs whose thrones became unsafe for occupancy in the wake of the war. The little group of ex-kings, dukes and princes have taken up varied occupations in different countries to compensate for vanished splendor.

The Kaiser, who doubtless ranks as the dean of the scattered colony, has become a follower of the art of letters, and from the quiet retreat at Doorn, Holland, submarine weighty articles from his own pen and those of interviewers. The next in rank is perhaps ex-King Manuel of Portugal. He has settled down to a villa in Twickenham, England, for his exile, and has become a country gentleman, raising farm products, playing tennis and seeking antiques in London shops for diversion. Of late, however, he has been putting in about ten hours a day working on a bibliography listing the many rare books in the Portuguese language which are contained in his own private library.

One of the most picturesque of the group is Aga Khan, an Indian Prince living in Paris. He is the spiritual chief of the Ismaili sect of Mohammedans, who number about five million, and is supposed to be the direct descendent of Mohammed himself. He has not given up his power, however. At the end of each Mohammedan solar year a committee of elders from his native land comes to Paris, weighs Aga Khan, and pays him his weight in gold. This now amounts to about 200 pounds. On this money he manages to live comfortably and to maintain one of the largest racing stables in Europe.

Greece has made several contributions to the ranks of retired royalty. The former King George II, who was forced to leave his country in 1923, wanders from one European State to another, generally preferring London or Biarritz, while the Queen Mother lives in Florence. When, early this year, Prince Christopher, of Greece, married the Princess Francoise, of France, royalty was well represented. The Duke de Guise, father of the bride, the former Queen Amelie, of Portugal, the Princesses Marguerite, Irene and Theodora and Prince Nicholas, of Greece, all attended the ceremony.

Former King Frederick Augustus III, of Saxony, seems happy in his Sibyllenort Castle in Germany. He has an estate of 30,000 acres and has as a neighbor the former Crown Prince of Germany. Ex-King Ferdinand, of Bulgaria, also lives in that country, while Prince Carol, of Rumania, spends most of his time in Paris and his son is king of his native land. The former Sultan Wahid El Din, of Turkey, has adopted Switzerland as his home.

In the Far East, where things change less rapidly, one former grand monarch is exiled. This is the boy Emperor of China.

Old Saws

It has been pointed out that the Supreme Court of Canada sits in an old carpenter shop in Ottawa. That accounts for the old saws we get from that bench—High River Times.

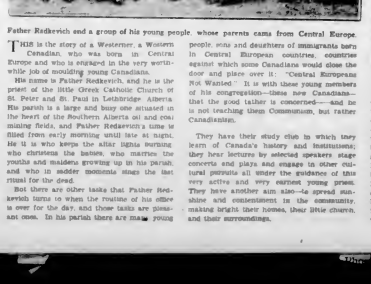
The Filipino houseboy came into the living-room and made believe fuss with the plants. Finally he turned and said:

"Missy recilect hundred-piece dinner set?"

"Yes, Chan, a hundred pieces, what about it?"

He disappeared and came back with his hat. "Think Chan go long Two hundred pieces now, missy!"

Works at Making Good Canadians



Father Redkevich and a group of his young people, whose parents came from Central Europe.

THIS is the story of a Westerner, a Western Canadian, who was born in Central Europe and who is engaged in the very worthwhile job of moulding young Canadians.

His name is Father Redkevich, and he is the priest of the little Greek Catholic Church of St. Peter and St. Paul in Lethbridge, Alberta. His parish is a large and busy one situated in the heart of the Southern Alberta oil and coal mining fields, and Father Redkevich's time is filled from early morning until late at night. He is in who keeps the altar lights burning who christens the babies, who marries the youths and maidens growing up in his parish, and who in sadder moments sings the last rituals for the dead.

But there are other tasks that Father Redkevich turns to when the routine of his office is over for the day, and those tasks are pleasant ones. In his parish there are many young people, sons and daughters of immigrants born in Central European countries, countries against which some Canadians would close the door when they cover it: "Central European Not Wanted." It is with these young members of his congregation—these new Canadians—that the good priest is interested—and he is not teaching them Communism, but rather Canadianism.

They have their study club in which they learn of Canada's history and institutions; they hear lectures by selected speakers, stage concerts and plays and engage in other cultural pursuits all under the guidance of men very active and very earnest young priest. They have another aim also—to spread sunshine and contentment in the community, making bright their homes, their little chores, and their surroundings.

Enthusiast Preserves Historic Canadian Landmark

Mr. L. M. Fortier (left) at Port Royal

THERE is a remarkable study for a psychologist in the life story of Loftus Mortimer Fortier, civil servant, pioneer and administrator and curator of the museum which he founded in Annapolis Royal.

Mr. Fortier was born in Kingston seventy-two years ago of mixed French and English ancestry. He was brought up an English speaking Canadian. He became a clerk in the office of the secretary of the Governor-General and at twenty-one was sent West to the then baby town of Winnipeg as a civil servant. Two years later he was one of the founders of Brandon, a framer of its constitution, a member of its first council, its first magistrate and one of its first merchants. Later he returned to the Government service.

After close on to forty years of work Mr. Fortier realized a dream of long standing. He had never been in the Annapolis Valley, but he had made up his mind that when he retired he would make his home there. He seemed to be obsessed with the idea of returning to the scene where three centuries before an ancestor of his had sailed to trade. Charles Aubert de la Chesnaye was a trader and ship commander in the service of the Company of the West Indies and he knew Port Royal when it was a small French outpost of empire. De la Chesnaye was granted papers of nobility under the hand of Louis the Fourteenth, and it is specified in them that his descendants by daughters as well as by sons shall have the right to bear the arms of the family. Through this clause Mr. Fortier, who is descended on the distaff side of the family, bears the arms of his picturesque ancestor who loved Port Royal so dearly.

Mr Fortier realized his dream before retirement, for, because of his war duties, it was necessary for him to settle in Nova Scotia. He had a choice of headquarters and of course selected Annapolis Royal, the English town that grew out of Port Royal, as his home.

He immediately identified himself with those who were making feeble attempts to guard the few relics of romantic days that remained. That was in 1913. For seven years he labored unremittingly, though it seemed a thankless task to attempt to rouse the contented old town to the pitch of enthusiasm necessary to the preservation of its relics. The famous old fort was abandoned and falling into ruin, the parade ground a cow pasture. He was a Westerner from up in Canada and he had to guard against rousing the antagonism of those who might resent his persistence and tenacity. At last the Government agreed to set the property aside as parklands and to undertake the necessary repairs. Two years later the first museum room was opened with Mr. Fortier as volunteer curator, and in 1920 he resigned from the civil service and devoted all his time to the fort voluntarily, and that he has done ever since. His adventures in collecting the relics which now fill the fine old fort to overflowing are fascinating as he tells them, but he has now come to one of the biggest enterprises of his post-retirement career. He is now negotiating the rebuilding of the original Port Royal, the fort or palisaded dwellings built by de Monts and Champlain in 1604. New England friends have offered ten thousand dollars toward the project and the balance of the money is being raised in Canada.

Discovered Cobalt But Begged for Dinner In After Life

FRED Larose was the discoverer of Cobalt. He used to be a blacksmith's helper. He and five others, including the Timmins brothers, said the Larose mine and received $17,000 apiece from it. The agreement was that the money should go back into other mines. But Fred backed down. "I put it in de Bank of Ottawa," he said. "Dere it aim safe." Fred went back to Hull. There he could be seen at any time lining the fellows up for free drinks at a saloon's bar. One day he went to the Bank of Ottawa—but the fellows had gone as the well once too often and the well was more than dry. He was informed his account was overdrawn. "Wot's dat? he wondered. "Me no understan'." He had thought there was no bottom to the $17,000. Prince Fred was out begging from the members of Parliament on Parliament Hill the next day. The French member rose in righteous wrath. "I had to give Fred Larose the great discoverer of Cobalt, a dime this morning for breakfast," he stormed. He ended by asking the Government to vote Fred $25,000. That was in 1910 when Laurier was in power.

Stunt Flying Explained in Aviation Slang

THE aviator who once held the loop-the-loop record, Pilot Gene Shank, explains in a recent number of Modern Mechanics how to perform aerial "stunts." Incidentally, this clown of the air tells his story in the slang used by aviators—a slang now almost as rich as that of the baseball diamond or the prize-ring. He says:

"First let's take a look at the different tricks of air acrobatics. I'll tell you about the loop, the Immelman, the history of each, and what they are good for. Then we can slide along and see how they are done

"To begin with, let's look at the loop. I can speak with a little authority on this, because I set the first honest-to-goodness quantity-measure loop-the-loop record last year. Went up one afternoon in a Waco nine, OX5 motor, and slid around the inside of the barrel till I ran out of gas. Bein' which condition of the motor, I decided not to loop any more and came down. About 561 times—that's what they told me. I lost count.

"This looping stunt isn't difficult after you get used to it. It is a good wartime and military manoeuvre and holds the crowds breathless at country fairs. I guess they figure you will spill out and get badly scattered as you go over the top. But loops to the fellow who is doin' 'em are pretty much like straight flying. The world seems to go around and around crazy-like, while you just bat along as though you were pretty much flying straight away.

"To loop, the ship is dived to gain speed. At the same time it is dived the motor is cut so that it does not speed up measurably. Then, as the stick is pulled slowly way back, the motor is gunned wide out. When the world is standing upside down the gun is cut a little better than idling speed. The stick is straightened up a bit, so that when she regains diving speed you will have something left to pull her back with.

"The main idea is to keep the wings level and the ship looping in a true circle instead of as along a screw thread

"Not so hard.

"The outside loop is an angle-maker if there ever was one. I have seen fellows try to do it, and I have tried it myself, but you can't try it with a ship that is very stable like a Waco or a Jenny or a Standard. For one thing, the normal wing-loadings are reversed. You throw all the stress on the landing-wires, which are only single. The only thing which will throw you around the loop is speed and plenty of it. Given speed and only one set of wires to carry a reversed load, and the wings of most ships would be near the cashing-in point. Stay away from the outside loop until you own a Curtis Hawk, or something with non-bustable fighting wings on her. Then, with plenty of nerve, and about 2,000 air-hours' skill behind you, you might get by with it.

"Now for the Immelman turn.

"Old man Immelman was a German ace, who preceded most of the now-famous flyers. How he came to invent his Immelman turn, which is now being sadly corrupted by calling it a wing-over turn, is hard to imagine. I doubt if he deliberately invented it. He probably got caught in a hot-box during some engagement, and found he had to go some place in one sweet heck of a hurry or get peppered.

"It is the turning manoeuvre par excellence and was used to fool the enemy by a quick reversal of direction.

"It is started by a slight dive, when the engine is throttled so it will not speed up much. Then it is gunned for all it is worth, and the ship slowly jerked into the first half of a loop. Doesn't matter which way the ship is rolled over, but if you roll it the opposite way the prop is turning, it will come over quicker. The trick is to get her right side up while you have flying speed, just before she stalls upside down. To do this you will have to start sticking her over when you are about one-third up the loop, so she will be right side up with care when the burble point is reached—which it shouldn't be. That is, the burble point, or a stall, should never happen to come to pass. The ship should sort of spiral up the half of the loop, coming out at the top half in normal flying position, going the other way from what it was when the turn started.

"However, you ain't seen nothin' till you've 'bar'l rolled.' That's a trick for the books!

"The roll is started when you have gained plenty of flying speed in a gentle glide with the motor all out. The wing is flipped over and kept that way. Then the rest of the trick lies in keeping the ship in the line of flight. The tendency will be for the tail to whip, and you will have to diddle the rudder and the elevator to keep the old mill banging along a direct path.

"A variation of the roll is the falling leaf, so called because that's what it looks like to observers on the ground. The ship is sort of stalled, and as it falls, the wings are whipped from side to side, first up and then on the other side, with the line of f[illegible]ht normal. It is like the barre[illegible], except that the roll is never completed. The plane swings back and forth like a crazy pendulum.

"Then there is the ordinary zoom, the stall, and the nose dive, side slip, and the tail spin yet to cover.

"All but the last are simple as pie. The zoom is merely a sort of a hedge hop. You use up the excess speed and energy stored up from a dive to kite the old wagon skywards again. Only don't make the mistake of trying it too fast too near the ground. Early in the Pulitzer series of races an army captain dove for the starting line, planning to jerk the ship out of the dive and scuttle along with screaming speed for the finish line.

"He got fooled. The wings bit all the air they could chew—they carried their maximum load and held, but the plane was a powerful, heavy one, and small. The wings slid through the air, carrying full load, which was not enough to stop all the energy which had been stored up by the dive.

"The result was blotto for the captain. A few minutes later he was flatter than a pancake stepped on, and his friends were picking him up on blotting paper. If that had happened higher up, the speed would have been finally damped out, the wings would have caught hold and, instead of churning through solid air to the ground, helpless and hopeless the captain would probably be flying today, like all careful pilots are.

"Nose dive? Nothin' to it! These ten-thousand-foot dives with power full on were myths of the war. The ship couldn't have been pulled out of such a dive, for the flying wires would have pulled through the flimsy spars that war-time ships were powered with. But there's no pilotin' needed in a nose dive, except to pull her out of it gently, and to throttle the engine so it won't throw a con rod or the prop

"Side slip? Best little altitude killer known when coming in for a landing. Nose dives are faster, but they give you speed which you can't kill, and you are apt to overshoot the field

"Tail spins are a subject in themselves

"Tail-spinning has often been called nose-spinning, which is really more accurate, but as in the case of the Immelman, usage has leaned to the descriptive side rather than to the accurate technical side.

"Tail-spinning is safe enough if done at great height, and is decidedly the quickest way of losing altitude without gaining too much speed. It requires very great skill, but there is much confusion between nose-spinning and 'spiral dives.'

"Tail-spinning is primarily a rotation on an axis, not in line with the body, but passing through the nose, merely because the side pressure at the front is the air force causing the spin. But this movement is quite distinct from a corkscrew twisting of the aeroplane on its own axis due merely to rolling the wings end over end.

"Some ships will go into a spin just after a stall with the engine on, and will come out by shutting off engine.

"A dangerous feature of spinning comes in when there is too much side-fin surface in front of the centre of gravity, as this stiffens the aeroplane, making it harder to get out. As a rule, ships with long tails will come out of a spin easily. Short ships spin readily.

"As a matter of fact, though, the aeroplane can be brought out of the spin or any of these position by merely bringing all controls to neutral, and just holding them there courageously for a definite time. Then, by pushing forward into a diving position, and holding them there for a length of time to regain control on the flaps, the ship can be flown out of her predicament."

English Skylark Is Unique Asset of Victoria - - - - -

By J. K. UNSWORTH

MANY a resident of Victoria has not yet become acquainted with one of the unique attractions nor have they come under the spell of one of its distinctive charms. The fame of this attraction is spreading to other places with the result, for example, that a fortnight ago a party of fifty young women belonging to a Seattle excursion made it their chief business during their short stay here to seek it out.

It is the song of the skylark, the English skylark, that exquisite songster, the prince of warblers, whose caroling and trilling can be heard any day by those who will leave behind the rattle of the streets and the honking of motor cars and will wait in the silence of the orchard or meadow for this outburst of glorious melody from the upper blue.

The skylark is a little bit of England that has made itself at home at this tip of Vancouver Island. He is not a native son He is a thrice-welcome immigrant. Over a quarter of a century ago, in 1903, one hundred pair were brought out by the local Naturalist Society which received for this purpose some financial assistance from the Government. Other birds were imported at the same time, robins, blue tits and bullfinches, but none of them survived the change and the new surroundings but the skylark. The birds were released in June in the neighborhood of the Jubilee Hospital and along Shelbourne Street. Again in 1912 a consignment of fifty was brought over and from these two flocks are descended the songsters of today

Their habitat is the district indicated, in general the Saanich Peninsula and more particularly the Gordon Head area and the highlands above the city. The goal of the Seattle girls' club on their visit the past two years has been the delightful oak-sentinelled meadow of the Hudson's Bay property on Cadboro Road, north of the Uplands golf course. One of the delights of the orchardists in the city's surburbs is the morning music of the unseen singer.

Not to stress the commercial side of it, the skylark is an asset that is peculiar to Victoria. There is no other place in Canada, nor on the Pacific Coast, nor perhaps on the Continent, where he makes his home He has a foothold here but not a very secure one. They are none too numerous compared with the hosts of them that rise from English meadows and carry a chorus through from morn till night. There they have been even caught and sold as a table delicacy. Any vandal who would attempt such a ruthless treatment of our Victoria skylarks would get short shift. They are a rare and delicate treasure that should be most carefully guarded Their chief enemy is the hawk. Four eggs of a muddy grey are found in the nest which is camouflaged by being built rather rudely of sticks.

What memories rise in English hearts at the thought of the skylark. What rapture comes to the lover of nature and of nature's symphonies at the hearing of his song More and more bird-lovers will think of Victoria as the city of the skylark and will make their pilgrimage thither. They will "follow the birds" to find the birds they can find nowhere else. The artistry in color and form that has made Butchart's Gardens world-famous will be supplemented by the artistry of the English skylark. How attractive this bird of the blue sky is to the sensitive soul is suggested in a sketch which appeared in the annual number of the Plymouth Girls' Club through whose courtesy it is reproduced

Habitat of English Skylark—In the meadows, among the oaks and orchards, this prince of songsters makes his home. This view is taken from the ninth hole of Uplands Golf Course and looks north to the Hudson's Bay Farm, which is one of the skylark's better known haunts.

In a meadow on the softly sloping heights above the city of Victoria, scattered groups of Plymouth girls are resting in the deep grass. A soft May wind plays over the grasses, rustling the leaves of the few old oaks that sentinel the field For the rest there is perfect silence. The gay chatter of the automobile trip hither has died away, nor is there rustling of magizines nor tasting of chocolates—and even the ever-present radio has taken a nap

A delightful sense of detachment settles upon all, nestled here in a secluded meadow above this quiet English-Canadian city. Far away seems the city, farther are the chasm-ribbed Olympics, and farther still down the misty Straits lies the morning's starting place of this unique pilgrimage. We look up into the bluest of skies, over which a white-feathered cloud or two saunters and listen We are in the mood; subdued, attent, tuned.

Then from out the blue comes the music for which we made this May Day journey. After the first burst of subdued exclamation, each holds her breath to miss no note of the exquisite caroling, trilling, warbling that floats down from the blue It is the skylark, the English skylark, poised on tremulous wing, pouring out his

"Full heart,
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

Even the wind stops to listen. As for us, it is as if time were not.

The sweet bird, the blithe spirit,
That from heaven, or near it,

has caught us up into his seventh heaven. Yet we know the seconds are lengthening, though the sweet notes cease not to drift downward.

For a moment the strain is lost, only to be caught again as he pushes up higher into the empyrean.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar,
And soaring ever singest.

At last, sailing downward into clearer vision, he floats, still warbling, to lose himself in the grassy home yonder, from which he sprang

There is a moment or two for ejaculation that can not be restrained. And then again, and again, and yet again. Almost a score of songsters joined in that brief but prolonged half hour, to lure us back another day.

The Uplands of Victoria is the only spot on the Pacific Coast where the English skylark has made its home. Some years ago the local Naturalist Society brought out several varieties of English singing birds and set them free on Vancouver Island and the Mainland. Of them all the skylark alone habituated himself. He brought his home along with him, this sweet "scorner of the ground," this "blithe spirit," who "showers a rain of melody," ever panting "forth a flood of rapture so divine," to all who seek him out, who leave behind the world's din and chatter, its jazzing and its honking and lie quiet in the meadow, waiting for his message from above.

Of all the places where he was set free he chose only these Uplands of the Saanich Peninsula, their oaks and orchards for his nesting place and songster's throne.

Twice have the Plymouth girls visited him, and twice sky and wind have joined him in giving them a welcome The charm is upon them. They will go again, bringing others with them.

Money Available for Channel Tunnel Construction

FORMAL announcement by M. A de Fleurio, French Ambassador to Britain, that France is ready at once to enter into an agreement for the construction of the long-discussed tunnel under the English Channel has inspired the belief that work on the project will actually be undertaken in the immediate future.

Former Premier Baldwin some months ago declared the readiness of his Government to re-open the proposal to build the tunnel. As a medium of employment for several thousand men for nearly five years and later as an artery of trade and travel of great value, the project has met with an unusual degree of popular approval.

The Channel Committee, under the chairmanship of Sir William Bull has at its disposal the entire sum of $145,000,000 which is the estimated cost of the project and is willing to proceed with the work without any financial help from either Government. On the other hand, its sole interest is the completion of the development and it is ready to step aside and leave the entire work to the Governments, if the latter so desire.

The economic feasibility of the undertaking appears to be more generally conceded than at any previous time it was under discussion, but there is, as yet, no indication that the Council of Imperial Defence has relented its opposition.

Through the various efforts now being advanced to get the tunnel construction begun it is hoped to alter the official mind of the Defence Council, the present position of which is the most effective barrier to progress of the scheme.

It will be recalled that Parliament has already voted twice in favor of the project and that work upon it was actually commenced in 1882

The Daily Mail in advocating the scheme has said

"The time is ripe for the scheme to be carried out. Immence advantages would be derived by Britain, chiefly because thousands more people would visit this country from abroad, and great assistance would be given to trade

"The late Marshal, who, with the late Earl Haig, led the Allied armies to victory, declared that if there had been a Channel tunnel there would have been no war.

"Today the foremost business men of this country, and, indeed, of the whole of Europe, are convinced that the construction of such a link would lead to an enormous development of international trade

"It is estimated that delay in putting the scheme into execution means to England an annual loss of millions of pounds in trade and passenger traffic.

"There is a greater desire to travel than ever before, and the prospect of being able to go direct from London to Paris in five or six hours, to the Riviera, to Berlin and even to Constantinople would have an irresistible appeal."

Sir William Bull, the chairman of the Channel Tunnel Committee, told a reporter that all the plans for the tunnel had been prepared and perfected, that every penny of the £29,000,000 required for the undertaking was available, and that only the sanctioning word of the British Government was now needed to start the great work He said

"There are thousands of people living on the Continent who would visit this country but for the fact that they cannot face crossing the Channel by steamer

"There would be a constant flood of visitors passing between England and the Continent if a tunnel existed Fair weather and foul, day and night, there would be an uninterrupted running of trains

"Just think of making a train journey to Paris as simply and comfortably as we now go to Wales through the Severn Tunnel! Life would be wonderfully changed for millions of people.

"Another great point to bear in mind is that the construction of the tunnel would provide employment for at least 12,000 men on this side of the Channel, and that the skill of many of the unemployed miners would certainly be in demand.

"There is no difficulty about engineering The French have already taken 8,000 soundings, and there is no question of any great obstacle having to be met with in making the tunnel.

"We do not want the Government, unless they are willing and anxious to do so, to find any of the money. We are not out for profit, and therefore if the Government want to take the thing over we should willingly let them do so. If they do not want to do this, I have got all the money ready, and if we had the Government sanction we could start work tomorrow

"Apparently the Council of Imperial Defence has reasons of State for not agreeing to the project, but they have not yet made them clear. They have simply said that they think the tunnel is 'inadvisable.'

"We want the Council to go into the question quite frankly with us. It seems that it is feared that the tunnel would be an awkward thing in case of war But there would be plenty of ways of overcoming any difficulty that it might present. By touching a button in Dover Castle, or in London even, we could close the tunnel at the first hint of danger We could flood it in a very short while, though probably we should not wish to do this as it would damage the tunnel; or we could pump it full of poison gas.

"It seems that the Air Force is against the proposal They say that they would have to keep a watch at both ends of the tunnel, and that this would entail a serious division of their forces Are we, then, such a very timid race? No bomb has yet been invented or thought of that could do the slightest damage to the tunnel, for it would be much too far down for a bomb to reach it.

"The tunnel would be built of ferro-concrete, and there would be double lines of track and inter-communicating tunnels rather like those of the Underground Railway.

"In time there might be another big tunnel underneath the original one, for there would be an enormous increase of trade and traffic in a few years.

"From mouth to mouth the tunnel would be thirty-six miles long, though only twenty-four miles of it would be under the sea It would take four and one half years to construct."

The biggest shipment of live muskrats ever to be shipped from Canada, a thousand in number, were carried by Canadian Pacific Express Company from Oak Lake Manitoba, to Hamburg, Germany, recently. They were trapped in the breeding grounds on the Manitoba rat farm and shipped in boxes, each box holding twelve pairs. They were shipped on C.P freighter Beaverford from Montreal, and the muskrats were in good condition with a minimum of casualties when they reached their destination.

Outwitted Card Sharpers

THREE men arrived recently at Eastbourne, between Brighton and Hastings, England, and put up at a fashionable hotel, saying that they had just missed their steamer at Southampton, although it later developed that they had not been allowed to go on board, having being recognised as card-sharpers of international repute

At the same hotel there was staying an elderly, kindly faced man who appeared to be a wealthy London merchant, or possibly a banker, enjoying his Christmas holiday. As is usual when the quarry is sighted, two of the trio broke from the third, appeared to have no acquaintance with him, until he had made the acquaintance of the elderly man. Then the latter was asked to make a fourth in a friendly game of cards He consented

The game started without stakes and the elderly gentleman won. Then one of the trio said "Perhaps his luck would not continue if we played for small stakes." They played for small stakes and the London man's luck continued Then the stakes were made higher and he lost. He continued to lose until the tally which had been kept after the stakes were raised showed that he owed about $3,500

The victim candidly admitted that he did not have that sum with him, but that he could draw a draft on his London concern, which he hoped would be satisfactory. So he made out a paper addressed to Embankment, S W I., where he said his place of business was, and where a man named "Newhall" was asked "to hold the bearers" The elderly man signed the paper, folded it and handed it to one of the trio, saying.

"There, you present this at the address given and you will get what is coming to you."

They unfolded the paper and at once objected to the message—there was no mention of the £700 due.

"Oh, that's quite all right," said the Londoner "I'm good for any amount there Of course, you will only ask for what I owe you and no more."

The three held a consultation and then decided to interrogate the clerk They showed him the draft.

"Who is he?" they asked.

"I can't tell you who he is, but I can tell you what his concern is at Embankment, S.W.I., It's New Scotland Yard."

A Page For CHILDREN

Beads of Now and Long Ago

EVERYONE, from grandmother in her easy chair to baby in her perambulator, wears beads in these days. Many thousands of people must be employed in their manufacture. The beads in the necklaces are of all shapes and sizes, and nearly all are very beautiful.

Few people are so poor as not to be able to afford the glass beads of every color and shade, and pearls, ivory and precious stones are costly enough to satisfy the taste or the whim of the wealthiest.

The twentieth century is well on its way, yet thousands and thousands of years ago women were as fond of beads as their descendants are in our time. In My Magazine, we find a description of a bead factory supposed to be 30,000 years old. It was discovered in a cave in the South of France inhabited by men of the Reindeer Period, and over 200 ivory and horn beads were found. From the curious specimens discovered it is obvious that an actual manufactory of beads existed at this place, and from waste products of the industry scattered through the cave earth it has been posible to trace the process of manufacture in all its stages.

To begin with, a strip of reindeer horn or mammoth tusk was cut off with a flint knife and made into a rodlike shape by scraping.

The rod was ringed round at intervals with deep notches, the pieces between the notches were broken off, and a hole was bored through the centre. The bead was then polished and the process was complete. All this work was done with flint implements, and no doubt expert members of the tribe spent their time in making beads and other articles, which were then bartered to those in search of personal ornaments.

In many cases numbers of beads and perforated teeth and shells have been found associated with human bones, showing by their position that they are the remains of necklaces.

Our remote ancestors evidently took a pride in ornamenting themselves, and with their clothing of skins, necklaces, pendants, ivory bangles, and headdresses must have presented a striking and barbaric appearance. They were certainly not the naked savages many people have supposed them to be.

Advice From Edinburgh

SCOTLAND has for centuries been noted for the excellence of its schools. Today its capital, Edinburgh, looks to its boys and girls to follow in the footsteps of the wisest and best of their ancestors. There, as in Canada, most children leave school at fourteen. These young people are all given a card by what corresponds to our school board.

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," someone has said. The Edinburgh authorities give their lads and lasses credit for good sense and good feeling. This is part of the message the card bears:

"Great issues depend on this period of your life. Choices are being made now by which the course of your life for good or ill, for success or failure, is determined.

"Very soon you must choose a trade or profession. Let your choice be a real one. Do not allow yourself to drift haphazard into anything. Thought and will are given to you that you may make a wise and intelligent choice.

"There are lives in which the call of duty runs counter to capacity and desire, and that call must always be obeyed. Your lifework should be the sphere in which you can do your best not for yourself only, but for your home, for your country, for mankind.

"The greatest of all choices is that between good and evil; whatever else you may be or do, we trust you to be good. Speak the truth always, whatever it costs you. Be courteous to everybody; to honor another is to honor yourself.

Keep your temper. There is no harm in having a temper; the harm lies in losing it.

"By fresh air, by cleanliness, by recreation, by regular habits, keep your body fit.

"Be temperate in all things. Beware of strong drink. Athletes in training abstain from alcohol. Surely it is our duty to be always at our fittest.

"Never bet or gamble. Gambling robs work of its zest and interest. It is a great evil, destructive of character, disastrous in its consequences.

"Keep yourself pure. Your most precious possession is a pure character. It is easily lost, it is terribly hard to regain.

"Keep your mind clean and well-informed. Good books are Kings' Treasures. Read only the best. The best of all books is the Bible. Read it daily; get to know it thoroughly. A few verses read every morning or evening is the best of all tonics for mind and soul.

"Most important of all is the Soul, your real self by which you come into touch with God. Speak to God often. 'Ten minutes in the morning with God,' said Henry Drummond, 'will alter the complexion of the whole day'"

The Beauties of Summer

The Summer! The Summer! The exquisite time
Of the red rose's blush and the nightingale's chime,
The chant of the lark and the boom of the bee—
The season of brightness and beauty and glee.

It is here—it is here! It is lighting again,
With sun-braided smiles, the deep heart of the glen;
It is touching the mountain and tinging the hill,
And dimpling the face of the low laughing rill.

It is flooding the forest trees richly with bloom,
And flinging gold showers in the lap of the broom!
I have heard the lark warble his hymn in the sky,
I have seen the dew-tear in the meek daisy's eye.

I have scented the breathe of the fresh open'd flowers,
I have pluck'd a rich garland from bright hawthorn bowers,
My footsteps have been where the violet sleeps,
And where arches of eglantine hang from the steeps.

I have startled the linnet from thickets of shade,
And roused the fleet stag as he bask'd in the glade;
And my spirit is blithe as a rivulet clear,
For the Summer, the golden-crowned Summer, is here!

Eyes for the Blind

BLINDNESS is one of the greatest afflictions of mankind, and it is one of the oldest. Yet some of the world's greatest men were blind. Homer, who lived in ancient Greece, and who was the most wonderful poet of a wonderful race, was blind. The story of Samson is a very old one. John Milton's poems and other writings are the pride of England. But Milton could not have written "Paradise Lost" without the help of his daughter and others who read and wrote for him. Before and since his time, the devotion of friends or relatives has helped the blind to acomplish wonders.

Louis Braille was born in France. When he was three years old he lost his sight. Endowed with the gift of music he became organist in a Paris church and gathered round him a group of blind children whom he taught as best he could. It was he who invented the raised letters by means of which the blind can read. What printing was to the rest of the world centuries before, that and more was Braille to the blind. It made them independent. No longer would the blind person have to wait until some one was ready to read to him or her. The fingers could trace out the dotted words of poem or story at will.

It is just a hundred years since Louis Braille gave this great boon to his fellow sufferers. In Great Britain the year is being celebrated by the National Institute for the Blind in a beautiful way. All choral societies are asked to give a public performance of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" in aid of the institute.

We have a National Institute for the Blind in Canada. This society sends out books and teachers. More books are needed and they are expensive. In this centenary of the invention of Braille, all who can should honor the memory of Louis Braille, the illustrious Frenchman, by helping our institute, or when possible, to serve some blind person in other ways.

The Little Girl Down the Street

JEAN was only four, so it was no wonder there were many things she did not understand. Her parents were well-to-do, so Jean lacked nothing that might help her to be happy and contented.

Toys she had in plenty; more than she knew what to do with. She was puzzled by the thought that she had so many and the little girl down the street had none.

Her mother tried to explain it, but Jean did not seem to understand. She was puzzled also because the little girl down the street did not seem to mind it at all. It was she herself who was a little bit discontented.

One day, while her mother was busy upstairs, Jean took it into her head to take the little girl down the street a doll she did not want. She did not tell her mother. But she must have felt happy, for next day she took the little girl a rather expensive set of bricks. This gradual dispersal of her toys went on for a week. Then her mother missed them from the cupboard and asked Jean what she had done with them.

So the truth came out, and when Jean had finished her story she stood expecting to be scolded. But her mother was too surprised for words, and did not speak. So, gathering confidence, Jean said, "Please Mummy, can I take the rest? It is much nicer watching Mary play with them."

There is something to be learned from this story, both by nice children and by mothers. —Children's Newspaper.

Little Girl's Verses

BLUEBELLS

I saw a field of bluebells,
Far, far away.
They looked like little bits of sky
On a bright Summer day.

MOTHER DEAR

When you are feeling tired at night,
And looking kind of blue,
I run and fetch your slippers
And put them on for you.

You pat me on my little head
And tell me I'm a jewel.
Then it's time to go to bed—
Now don't you think that's cruel?

GRACE COOK, Aged 9 Years.
1016 Transit Road.

The Ugly Duckling's Story

By M. GENEVIEVE SILVESTER

MAKE-A-BOOK—Save the twelve pictures that tell this story to make a book. Cut them out and paste them on white paper. You will then have a complete story. Cut a cover from stiff paper, and sew the pages of the book into it with a big, strong stitch.

4

The big egg hatched the very next day and out came a big grey ugly duckling. He was not at all like the other downy little ducklings.

"Can he be a turkey?" asked Mother Duck. "I shall take them to the water and find out at once."

When they came to the water Ugly Duckling was first to go in.

5

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"Now I know he is not a turkey and I am very glad of that," said Mother Duck.

"Come, now I will show you the barnyard," she called. She led the way to the barnyard and all the little ducks went waddling after her.

"What is this family?" cried all the ducks and chickens. "See that ugly duckling."

7

Some Facts About the Crow

THE Sioux Indians call the crow "Mash o," and they say he is the wisest bird we know. I think if you will take the time to watch crows for a while you will be inclined to agree with the Indians, for they certainly display a lot of intelligence and do a lot of things that you must admit show good brain work on their part.

Probably no one species of bird is as continuously shot at and hunted, yet not many crows are killed in proportion to the amount of ammunition used against them. There is an old saying among hunters that a crow can tell a mile away whether or not a man carries a gun. If he does, no crow will fly in his direction, but if he is unarmed, the crow will fly by not ten feet above his head, and show no fear of him at all.

A wise old crow leader will pilot his flocks into a tree with wide clear spaces all around, and there the flock will stay watching all directions at once and talking crow-talk until they have threshed out all matters of importance to crows. Then they leave altogether in groups, acording to what their individual plans may call for. Frequently individuals will stay after the rest have gone away and apparently gossip together like a group of talkative old women, later leaving alone, in pairs or in small groups.

If you watch crows and study them, listening to their calls and then noting their actions in relation to the calls, you will soon get to know exactly what they mean when they make any individual call or sound. Then if you learn to imitate them exactly—and I mean by this to make calls of exactly the same sounds grouped and timed just as the birds do it—you will find yourself before very long, able to talk considerable "crow language" with them. They will understand what you say to them, and know exactly what you mean. But you must be a perfect mimic before they will pay the slightest attention to you. A slight difference in accent, speed, tone, volume or spacing between the real call and your counterfeit will tell the crows instantly that your call is not real.

If, by long study and constant, persistent practice, you can learn to give their calls exactly, you can call any crow to you with the proper sounds and make one crow, a whole flock or a dozen flocks if they can hear you, get up and get out. You simply have to know the right call. But a poor imitation won't fool these wise birds a bit.

All birds and animals have their own calls, and that each call means a different thing is plain to anyone who studies them. Therefore if you can learn to make these calls accurately, you can talk in a limited way to all wild things.

For Flower Lovers

THE names of eight well-known flowers are contained in the following queer-looking groups of letters. Can you tell what they are? Send in your answers before Saturday and your names will be published on this page

AACINNORT.
ACEHHMNRSTUYM.
EORS.
EILOTV.
AEFLLLWORW
EPOLOOVX.
AACIKLR.
ADGILMOR.

The Old Sailor

I've crossed the bar at last, mates,
My longest voyage is done!
And I can sit here, peaceful,
And watch th' settin' sun
A-smilin' kind of glad like
Upon the waves so free.
My longest voyage is done, mates,
But oh, the heart of me,
Is out where sea meets skyline!
My longest voyage is done . . .
But—can I sit in peace, mates,
And watch the settin' sun?

For what's a peaceful life, mates,
When every breeze so free,
When every gale a-blowin',
Has messages for me?
And is the sky so shinin',
For all its golden sun,
To one who loves the sea, mates,
And knows his voyage is done?
And can a year on land, mates,
Match with one day at sea?
Ah, every wind a-singin'
Brings memory to me!

—Margaret Sangster.

The effort to keep straight used to be a moral struggle instead of a diet.

Something to Do

By Dale R. Van Horn

THE nice thing about this chest is that it requires only six boards and when you have it finished it makes a combination of storage space and a dandy seat. You don't have to be especially handy with tools to do a good job, but with a coping or jig saw you can improve the appearance of the ends by cutting them as shown. The curved type is better than the square end for the top, while the cutting done at the bottom gives two feet at each end. Even without the scroll saw you can turn out a nice design using straight lines.

A KNICK-KNACK CHEST

The ends are alike. Get all lumber one-half inch thick. The dimensions can vary, but if the ends are twelve inches wide and thirty inches long and the sides and top and bottom cut to give a space about twelve inches deep and twenty-four inches long, you will have a good looking chest when finished. The side pieces are cut to fit between the ends and are held by six-penny finish nails. The bottom is set between the lower edges. The top is two inches wider than the bottom and instead of hinges you can use two-ten-penny nails, one driven through each end into each rear corner of the top. It will be necessary to round the lower back edge of the top a little to insure easy opening of the top. The hinges can, of course, be used if you prefer.

Before you assemble the boards make sure that each cut is square and that the rough saw cuts have been smoothed with sandpaper or plane. See that both ends and both sides are of the same dimensions. Then assemble, driving the heads of the finish nails below the surface with a nail set. Then sandpaper thoroughly and fill the holes over the nail heads with putty.

Give a coat of wood filler first and when that dries, put on a coat of paint, lacquer or varnish. If the wood used has a pretty natural grain you can use a stain which will enhance the beauty of the grain. The inside need not be painted.

This chest will be large enough to take the odds and ends which accumulate in your room. It can stand under the window, and the top can either be used for a seat or, when placed against the wall, will make an excellent book rack.

Peanuts and Popcorn

Related by Peanut (Champion Lady Whistler, Winner of Canadian Record Drop Jump, 8 ft. 3 in., Champion Lady Telegraph Pole Climber, Apple Peeler, and the First Squirrel on the American Continent to Drive Her Own Car).

SO there! "Happy days, children." The boss took me out for the first ride in the new runabout, which we had specially mann-fac-tured at the Red Cross Workshop by Mr. Bardsley. First of all we went in the bizz bizz to Sid McAllister's home. Sid hasn't been outdoors for eight months, and he was certainly glad to see me. The boss put me in the car and I went from one end of the kitchen to the other, and then back again. I went so fast that I bent one of the car rods as I col-lided with a chair. When I left Sid told me to call again, and I told him to get well quick and get outdoors as soon as he could. Good old Sid.

We next went to see Winnie Urquhart, who is one of the Boss' nieces (she brings the boss' lady an old-fashioned nosegay of flowers every Mother's Day). I drove the car around the front room a few times, and then we came back home. I crept into the cage very quietly as I did not want to waken Pop, as he gets very cross when I go out instead of him.

At noon, next day, the boss gave me another ride in his bizz bizz up to Margaret Jenkins School, and I went in my car into Miss Haverstock's room, and she told us they were just reading a squirrel story. (Wasn't that funny?) Before we left I was introduced to the two youngest children, Barbara Groves and Master Geraint Long. Then we went into Miss Field's room, and I had some real long rides the whole length of the room. The boss told me that I went over 200 miles per minute, which is nearly as fast as the bizz bizz bird that flies over our cage from Seattle some time. (Ha, ha, 200 miles—Pop). We made the ac-quain-tance of Miss Margaret Willis and Masters Conan Mayell and Vincent Paone, of Grade One.

We had a nice little letter from Josephine Noble, Colquitz P.O., together with two fine big juicy oranges. I shall have to buy a bib for Pop, for when ever he has orange for supper he spills the juice all over his neck fur.

Visit to Jubilee Hospital

THE boss took Pop to the hospital last week, and he says he had lots of fun in some of the wards. First he visited the children's ward, and after driving the car around several times, the boss let him out and he scampered all over. He also did some fancy jumping, and met two little boys that were in bed—Master Clifford Newell and Willie Hallet, and his brother Jimmy Hallet, visiting him. Then he went into a lady's ward, and the ladies stroked Pop and he then drove the car around several times.

After he came out the boss took him to Margaret Kerr's and he met and kissed noses with a little tiny kitten, named Bonzo. Pop then ran over the piano keys, and made a funny noise come out of the box. It went do-re-mi-fa. Pop got scared and ran up the window curtain, but the boss soon quietened him down. Then the boss took him to Miss Amy Vye's, on Richmond Road, and he met Norma and Owen Vye, and little Doris Stevens, who came all the way from Salt Spring Island to see Pop.

Pop Blown Up in Explosion

POP was having a wonderful time in Miss Vye's front room, when he suddenly saw a big red ball on the floor, as he scampered over the table. He thought it would be lots of fun to jump on it and roll around, so he leapt on to it, but just as his sharp toes touched it, it went "bang" and disappeared. Pop jumped up nearly three feet, and ran for dear life.

The girls laughed, and the boss said, "There goes all your money in the bank to pay for that balloon."

Do you know we have had three letters from New Zealand, and they were just addressed to "Popcorn," with the boss' house number on the en-vel-ope? We are going to write to the little girls soon.

Jimmy Firth, on our street, brought us a big bag of Brazils, almonds, filberts and walnuts, so I asked Pop to write a piece of poetry for Jim. Now don't laugh, or else Pop will not write any more. Here it is:

Jim, Jim, thanks for the nuts,
Nearly as big as water butts,
Filberts, almonds, nuts galore
Are hidden in our Winter's store.
POP.

The Poet, the champion high jum—(oh, brother, brother, stop boasting.)

Squirrelville Locals

MISS Joyce Bowden, of Salt Spring Island, visited the Douglas Chickarees during the 24th. Call again, Joyce.

The Misses Aline and Norma Brenen, of Craigflower Road, sent some lovely shelled walnuts. Thank you, girls.

Miss Dorothy Urquhart, of Chilco, Northern B.C., wrote recently. Are the mosquitoes very bad, Dot?

Miss Peanut Chickaree drove over to Ross Street and called on Miss Margaret Strathearn, aged four. Margaret entertained her visitor in the parlor, and introduced her grandma and mother to Miss Chickaree. Currant buns were served.

Miss Dorothy Corbett and her brothers, Donald, John, Roy and Bob, called on the Chickarees on the 24th of May and had a romp in the Boss's basement with Pop. John made his ice cream cone last longest.

Freddy Pellow's daddy called yesterday, and the boss stated that he was a very strong man, because he carried a whole ton of coal into the basement. Eat lots of porridge, Freddie, and grow as strong as your daddy.

Mrs. M. J. Wood, of Admiral's Road, visited the Chickarees on the 24th. Call again, Grandma.

Hurrah for the Summer Holidays. Happy days, children.

Peter Pan Goes to the Hospital

IN the last twenty-five years Barrie's wonder child has often hidden in the hospitel cots where the eyes of sick little ones have grown brighter and they have forgotten their pain as they read of his adventures. Or, perhaps, some of those who are too weak to read remember the day when they went to the play and watched Peter and Wendy or saw him steal into his mother's room.

The lovely story has brightened the lives of many children who have never been sick, and so thousands, perhaps millions, of copies of the story and the play have been sold. Sir James Barrie has written ever so many stories for grown-ups, but he has pleased the children better than any of his other readers.

So Sir James Barrie has gone on writing for them for, in spite of his many years, his heart is still, like Peter Pan, very young.

The sale of all his books and plays has made Sir James Barrie a very rich man. Though his heart is still young he is growing old. A little while ago he discovered that the Sick Children's Hospital in London needed money very badly. So the author of "Peter Pan" gave the trustees the right to every penny that the play brought him. This amounts to about ten thousand dollars a year of our money. It is lovely to think of all the boys and girls who will be cured or relieved of pain by this great gift.

The children of the world will thank Sir James Barrie for his wonderful present, and will hope that he may live long enough to write other plays for their wonder and delight.

Mussolini's Poem—"Bread"

THE world is puzzled about Mussolini, the man who is ruling Italy. He is a tyrant, many people say. Others think he is a deliverer. It is certain he wants to make Italy a great country. Idle people are not wanted in the land he rules over. Wheat is one of the products of the Italian soil. The following is a translation of a poem he has caused to be circulated among the farmers and the citizens of Italy. Perhaps we all need to be reminded that Our Daily Bread is a sacred gift.

Italians!

Love Bread,
Heart of the home,
Perfume of the table,
Joy of the hearth.

Respect Bread,
Sweat of the brow,
Pride of labor,
Poem of sacrifice.

Honor Bread,
Glory of the fields,
Fragrance of the land,
Festival of life

Do not waste Bread,
Wealth of your country,
The sweetest gift of God,
The most blessed reward of human toil.

Suburb and Country

Agriculture is a first principle; on it rests the life and happiness of mankind.—Julian A. Dimock

Care of Poultry on the Farm

By R. C. GIBSON

IF you want to get perfect growth in your youngsters, highest egg production and maximum fertility in your adults, you must keep them all, all the time, in perfect health. And if there is one thing which counts more than another in insuring this happy state of affairs, it is a continuous and adequate supply of green food. In fact, those essentials to life itself—vitamins and mineral salts, which assist so greatly in the assimilation of nutriment in other foods—are contained in green food. And why are these necessary to life itself? Well, take vitamins first, of which there are four—A, B, C and D. Vitamins A and B are growth-promoting, C prevents scurvy, and D regulates the use of the mineral salts. They influence nerves and keep disease at bay. Both A and B are found in fresh green vegetables, C and D in a lesser degree in forage plants. Most people imagine that minerals are necessary only for shelling the eggs, but this is quite wrong. The fowls cannot be maintained even in fair health with an indifferent supply of minerals. We can add a mineral mixture to the mash, but the minerals are not so easily used by the fowl in this form as in the organic food in green food. Lime phosphates, chlorides, sodium, iron and potassium are essential in this order.

When Green Food Is Deficient

DEFICIENCY of green food is noticeable in the runs of the small man back-yarder, and with those fowls kept intensively, and every effort should be made to arrange for a supply by growing your own. Lack of green food causes layer's cramp, anaemia, thin-shelled eggs, paling of wattles and comb and the inability to stand up to heavy Winter egg production. There is not the slightest excuse to be without green food, for there is a wide range of sorts that come into use at every possible season of the year. For general use for adult fowls we have a choice of cabbage, savoy, coleseed (rape), kale, lucerne, turnip tops, clover, sprouted grain and grass. Then again we have other waste oddments that are often available, such as leeks, coleworts, cauliflowers and broccoli leaves. Cress, onions, watercress, nasturtiums, chickweed, endive, sprouts and chicory. Root crops are splendid for Winter use and mangolds and swedes are the best, but turnips, carrots an kohl-rabi are useful as well.

Crops to Grow

LET us deal with each crop and exactly how to grow it. You should be sure to choose things which are most suited to your particular soil and locality and should so arrange your sowings and planting that a supply is forthcoming the whole year through. Commercial poultry-farmers sow and plant acres of green foods. It pays with them, and it will with you smaller folk. Even if you have a grass run, the grass loses a deal of nourishment in Autumn and Winter, and your egg production will be increased if you can feed extra green vegetables. Grass is best, simplest and easiest to feed. Vitamin A is in abundance and fair quantities of Vitamin B and C. Sowing is done round about April or August. The soil must be finely broken. Three-quarters of an ounce of good seed is required for each square yard, and it will cost about 30c per pound. For renovating runs use half or quarter this rate. Rye grass mixtures are best for heavy soils. Grass is more nutritious if kept short—it must be scythed or cut with a lawn mower. As manure, basic slag is the best, and to prevent sourness, sprinkle ground limestone evenly at the rate of three pounds per square yard. Drainage is essential and if your run is waterlogged it must be piped, using three-inch for main drains and two-inch for laterals.

The Cabbage Family

FOR Winter feeding plant Drumhead from February to July—ready from September onwards. If sown in August and September it will be available for Spring feeding. Imperial is planted out in late Autumn and is ready from June onwards. Cabbage seed is quick to germinate and easy to grow. Plants are also cheap to buy.

Savoys are hardy, frost-resisting and can withstand severe Winters. Sow in March and April, transplant in June, ready from October to February.

Kale—Thousand-headed kale is a luxurious grower and if sown in April and May, transplanted in June, July and August, it will be ready for feeding from October and right through Winter. Perpetual kale is propagated by cuttings in July. It likes ample manure and will "cut and come again" for years.

Coleseed (rape or cole)—Another hardy and quick grower. For summer, sow the dwarf, and for Winter the giant—the latter is preferable on cold soils. Sow in July, broadcast for Winter use, and in early Spring for Summer feeding. The giant will be ready to cut in October, and it will have sprouted up and will be ready again the following April.

Lucerne—This, though few folks know it in the dry form, is known as alfalfa in Canada. Its proper name is lucerne, all the same. Fowls like it in the green state. It is a profitable crop to grow—"cut and come again" for four to five years at least. The soil must be well drained, deeply cultivated and clean, because the crop stands so long, the heaviest yield being obtained in the third year; also the roots strike very deep.

Cut and Come Again

IT is sown in April and May, but it can be sown after, say, potatoes in July and August. Twenty-five pounds of seed is required per acre. Sow in rows at a distance of eight inches. Hoeing is necessary to keep it clear of weeds until it has established itself. For green feeding it must be cut young. If fowls are run on it to feed it off, it is important not to feed it too close or the Winter may ruin it. For drying for hay, the first year it can be cut once, thereafter twice a year.

Chicory—This is really a fine food and one that pays to grow, especially for young chickens. It is sown in drills from April to June, and can be transplanted, but it is better to thin to four inches apart, rows twelve inches apart. One quarter ounce will sow fifty feet.

Plants will be ready from October to February, when the leaves are picked or cut off, and new leaves will soon appear for Spring and Summer use. For heavy Summer feeding sow from August to October.

Clover—White or Dutch clover certainly improves the nutritious proportion of a grass run. Fowls love the leaves. Crimson clover can be fed green, but is more used for clover meal and hay. Sow in August at the rate of five pounds per rood. Ready from April to June. As with lucerne, for green feeding it must be young and tender.

Lettuce—A fine chick green food cut up into small pieces with a mincer. "All the year round"; may be sown at any time. Lettuce is appreciated by adult fowls, but it is rather too expensive to grow.

Spinach—Also fine for chickens. For Winter use, sow in Autumn the Prickly, and for Summer the Round in early Spring. The perpetual may be sown at any time. The advantage with spinach is that it remains crisp and fresh always, and is therefore excellent for Spring chickens or young show birds.

Nasturtiums may be grown as a screen, and the leaves are liked by chickens. It is useful for a backyarder and loves the worst soil you can find. It should be fed by picking the leaves, starting from the bottom upwards. Sow in March to June for successional pickings.

Sprouted Oats—The idea is to make the oats begin to grow by giving warmth and moisture. A warm room is chosen and the oats are soaked for twenty-four hours and then spread out on shallow trays one inch deep. No earth is necessary. Dampen every twenty-four hours. The oats should be fed when they are half an inch high. Nothing is gained by feeding when they are five inches high, like some folks do. The roots should be white and clean. One and a half square inches is enough for one fowl per day, but if more is ready, double that quantity can be fed with advantage.

How to Give Green Food

GREEN food must be fed properly. There are three methods. Firstly, to put it in a rack; secondly, to suspend from the roof, and thirdly, to nail plants by the stems to the walls. The first is by far the best. The rack is hopper-shaped and fronted with netting of two-inch mesh through which the birds pick the leaves. It is a mistake to throw the food down in the litter or in the run.

With the Rabbit-Keeper

MANY of you will by now have litters of young rabbits running about your hutches. The time has come, therefore, when you can make a decision as to which to keep—that is, which are worth keeping, and which to get rid of.

First of all, of course, you will blackmark the weak and puny youngsters, those with any physical defects and those that are dull-eyed and mopey, no matter what your breed. In the majority of cases it is comparatively easy to tell which rabbits are going to turn out most like the particular breed standard. In some, however, the task is difficult because the color and markings of the youngsters are misleading. The good and bad among English and Dutch rabbits, for instance, are easily distinguished at an early age on account of their markings and spots being similar to adult rabbits. Obviously, you will only keep those with the spots correctly placed.

Silvers Are Born Black

SILVER greys, on the other hand, are black when they are born. The white hairs which compose the silvering do not start coming until the rabbits are a few weeks old. Young rabbits of this breed, then, you would have to keep on and watch until they get their proper silver coat before making a decision. With Belgian hares you will keep those that are the darkest color along their backs. Reject any with brindled forelegs or with patches of white on the hind legs, or with haunches of slate grey color. If you keep Flemish Giants, choose those youngsters that are big, square, heavily built—really giants. Put away those with small chests, thin limbs and narrow heads. Young Himalayan rabbits are all white when born, and it will be three or four months before you can estimate their real value. The best youngsters in a litter of Havana rabbits will be a uniformly dark, rich chocolate-brown color from head to foot. Having selected ones like this, do not be alarmed if the richness of color disappears as the nest fur grows. It is a characteristic and the color will reappear in the new coat. The Havana youngsters to reject are those that are reddish, with a bronzy tint and those that are rather pale brown with light sides.

Your Choice of Chinchillas

IT is rather difficult to pick the best among Chinchilla rabbits, for unpromising youngsters frequently turn out winners when they have got rid of their first lot of fur. The eyes of young chinchillas are always lighter than they will be later on. If they are very light, though, be wary of their owners. Those that will ultimately be the required rich dark brown can be distinguished by their darker eyes. If your youngsters are a very pale color, both on top and near the skin and have red eyes, kill them for baby pelts. When making a choice of little rabbits which you intend to use for breeding later on, avoid those which show any digestive weakness—particularly in the does. When rearing large litters, does require heavy feeding and we have found that they cannot stand this if they have, say, scoured when young.

Plant Breeding Work in Cereal Department

From a photograph taken at the Experimental Station, Sidney, B.C.

Why We All Favor Maize

IN the early days of utility poultry-keeping, the feeding of whole maize and maize meal was said to account for considerable trouble in the way of liver disease and similar complaints. Today it is being recommended for laying stock. What is the reason for the change that has come about as to the value of this grain? The answer is really a simple one. In the days when the average yield from the better layers was only in the neighborhood of about a hundred eggs per annum, there was no question but that the use of large quantities of maize made the birds very fat—a condition which is conducive to liver disease. Used as the chief and sometimes the only grain, it did a lot of harm, especially when maize meal was also largely employed in the mash.

How It Helps

HEAVY laying hens, however, require a considerable quantity of fat for the formation of their eggs, as can be told by anyone who handles his, or her, birds occasionally during a period of heavy production. It is found that the birds absorb the fat from their bodies so that the eggs may be formed. Present-day fowls, even the average run of birds met with in small flocks in backyard and garden runs, lay many more eggs than did their ancestors, hence the need for supplying them with fat so that they will not drain their bodies of this substance. Herein lies the answer to the question with which we started. Modern experience proves that heavy birds may be fed with fairly large quantities of maize and maize meal, and that instead of harming them it assists them to continue laying for months on end. To feed this grain and meal to poor layers, however, has exactly the same effect today as it had years ago. It is the improved quality of stock that has brought maize once more into favor, but there is still a possibility of overdoing the feeding of this cheap foodstuff. There is, too, a difference between the yellow and the white varieties, in that the former is distinctly better as it contains plenty of vitamins, whereas the white kind does not.

No Maize When Resting

WHENEVER birds are laying well, maize and maize meal may be fed with excellent results. It is only during a period of rest that these foods should not be employed. The mash may consist of a seventh part, by weight, of maize meal, while the grain ration may contain kibbled maize to the extent of a quarter or even a third. These quantities are, however, only possible when the rations are well balanced, that is, when a fair proportion of animal food—fish meal or meat meal—are used in conjunction with them. Kibbled—that is, broken—maize has been mentioned in the above for the reason that whole maize is not suitable for fowls, especially when the grain ration is used as a scratch food—or feed.

With the Pigkeeper

SOME pig buyers stipulate that fish meal must not be used at all in the feeding of any pigs offered to them, and though this is an unreasonable condition, many feeders prefer to avoid trouble by not using this excellent and most useful foodstuff. A common substitute is meat meal, but unless bones are ground in with the meat, it lacks the minerals which are found in fish meal in abundance. This defect can be overcome by dropping in a pinch of finely powdered chalk in each pig's food daily, or by providing a mineral mixture in a small trough from which the pigs can help themselves as they wish. Dried yeast is another substitute, and in this case, too, minerals must be supplied separately or we shall find the pigs suffering from lameness and swelling at the joints.

Pigs in Hot Weather

PIGS suffer more from hot weather than from cold, especially when they are fat. Never does a show season pass without some big boars and sows dying from apoplexy, due to the heat of the showyard. Pigs out at grass will enjoy shelter when the sun is very hot, but still more will they revel in a mud wallow. Sometimes this can be provided without much trouble. It serves a double purpose, as it not only cools the pigs but protects the skin against insects. Watch for slight scratches and cuts on your pigs, as these, if not treated, attract flies which rapidly cause big, ugly sores. A dressing of Stockholm tar rubbed over the sore place with a flat piece of wood will encourage healing and keep flies away.

Home-Curing Hams

THERE is no doubt that much waste occurs every year with home-cured bacon that does not store well. Of course, both hams and flitches must be hung where strong light cannot reach them or the fat is likely to become rancid, and it is very necessary to tie them up in bags made of unbleached calico so as to prevent them being struck by flies. A favorite place for hanging hams and flitches is from the kitchen ceiling, but this is really one of the worst of all store places because the temperature varies so much, causing the fat at times to become almost liquid, and at times to harden. The result is that the bacon becomes "reasty," as we call it. Far better is it to hang the flitches in a place where the temperature remains about the same all the year round. When there is any doubt about a piece of bacon keeping, always make a point of using the fore end first, as this is more liable to spoil than the other parts.

"Yesterday," said Jones, "I refused a poor woman a request for a small sum of money, and in consequence I passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice kept ringing in my ears the whole time."

"Your softness of heart does you credit," said Brown, "who was the woman?"

"My wife."

Farmers' Institute of British Columbia

FARMERS' Institutes in British Columbia increased in number during 1928 from 150 to 170 institutes, with a total membership of 6,485, being an increase of 6 per cent, according to the report of Mr. W. J. Bonavia, Superintendent of Farmers' Institutes, submitted to Hon. William Atkinson, Minister of Agriculture.

The most marked advance in any district is noted in the Cariboo and Lillooet districts, where, with one or two exceptions, all the new institutes were formed. This activity is shown to be largely due to the work of the District Agriculturist stationed at Williams' Lake.

A revival of ploughing matches has been sponsored by the Farmers' Institute organization with the assistance of small sums granted by the Department of Agriculture in aid of the prize lists. Five of these matches were held in 1928, mostly in the Lower Fraser Valley, and one in the Northern Okanagan.

Gopher control measures have been adopted by various institutes in the infested districts, the report shows. The young people in each instance were organized for gopher killing competitions, in connection with which prizes were paid. The purchase of poisons has been encouraged also through the institutes.

Ten institutes held Fall fairs during the year under review. This work was undertaken in the absence of local agricultural associations. Three of these fairs were held on Vancouver Island and seven were staged on the Mainland.

The gradual closing down of the Dominion Government scheme with regard to the supply of purebred sires has resulted in giving a stimulus to the Provincial policy of placing such animals through the agency of Farmers' Institutes, the Superintendent of Institutes reports, and states that the chief difficulty is in securing suitable beef bulls of the breeds asked for.

Dealing with the question of stumping powder supplied to Farmers' Institutes under an agreement entered into between the Government and the powder companies, the report shows that 10,644 cases were supplied, for which the settlers paid $66,204.09. Under the rebate regulations of the Department of Agriculture, 2,793 applicants received rebates on 8,057½ cases at a cost of $20,143.75.

Under the Sheep Protection Act, sixty-three claims for compensation for sheep and poultry killed were paid to the amount of $4,109.25. Of this amount $3,528.50 was paid for sheep and $576.75 for poultry. Over 70 per cent of the claims for sheep killed came from Vancouver Island.

Co-operation in the matter of purchase of farmers' supplies, the superintendent points out has resulted in an extension of interest in institute work and similarly joint action in disposing of products has been a bond to unite farmers in community effort.

Garden Week by Week

By NORMAN W. F. RANT, F.R.H.S.

THE anemones are not grown as much as they should be. Some of them are gay and others are quiet. The quiet ones are perhaps the most lovely, but they are not, as a rule, plants that the gardener who cannot leave things alone should go in for. What most of them want is to be left alone to spread and bloom to their hearts' content. There are three anemones which should be in every garden, and they are all of the quiet kind. First there is anemone Blanda. A quiet blue in its color and it comes into flower as early as February. It is the better for shelter from cold winds. The type is blue, both inside and out, but pink and white forms may be found.

A near relative to Blanda is Apennina. It has smaller flowers, comes into bloom somewhat later, but is altogether a charming plant and does its best when naturalized in woods.

April Bloomer

ANEMONE Pulsatilla makes a tufted growth and blooms in April. Its color is generally violet, but it varies a good deal. Its roots are fibrous, not tuberous like so many anemones. The plant is quite at home in a fairly well-drained, dry situation so that the higher part of the rock garden is a good situation in which to grow it. It will do quite well in grass also, so that it is useful for the wild garden, too.

Many people have avoided growing Cotoneasters because they think they are too large for the small rock garden. To those who are of this belief let me recommend Cotoneaster rotundifolia. This forms a low shrub not more than three feet high, with many branches rising from the base at an angle of about 60 degrees, and making a very shapely, spreading plant. Its small leaves are nearly evergreen in most Winters and its round fruits are bright scarlet from October 'till April and rarely touched by birds. It is a worthy member of the family which has given us the more spreading Horozotalis, the taller Frigida and the larger Simmondsii.

A Lime Hater

A ROCK garden plant which everyone loves and some people find hard to grow, is Lithospermum prostratum. Outside of the Gentians it is probably the best blue flower for the rock garden. The secret of growing this plant is to remember that it is a lime hater. Planted in pure peat it will flourish like the proverbial bay tree and trail down a rock for two feet or more.

There is no better heather to grow in the garden than Erica carnea. It is really hardy, and even this last Winter has not in any way affected it. It comes into bloom always for New Year's Day and continues until May 24, a truly long season as well as a season when garden flowers are scarce. It has the advantage of being very reasonable in price, and is therefore a good thing to plant in a mass, where it can be seen from the window during the drab Winter days.

After Spring Bloom

AFTER the Spring splash of Aubrietia, and Arabis and Alyssum is over, a great many rock gardens look rather forlorn. A plant which, although common and cheap, but very effective at a time when the big show is over, is dianthus deltoides. It blooms for a long time. In fact, if one will clip it back now and again it will bloom all Summer long. A good form should be selected and the result will be a pink mass of very charming bloom.

Another plant which will be found useful for the same purpose is Campanula muralis. This covers itself with purple bell flowers for months. It is a most excellent wall plant, and if planted in conjunction with Hypericum reptans the combinations of purple and gold will be found most effective.

Kindness at Kidding Time

WHILE your goat is kidding, the very best way you can help is to let her absolutely alone. When the kids have arrived, however, you must get busy. At the first sign of kidding start preparing a nice warm mash. This is made by pouring boiling water over half a small pail of bran. By the time the mother is ready for it, the mash will be cool enough to give her. Should the kidding time be protracted, however, stand the mash pail by a fire and cover it with a sack, as the mash must not be given cold. A further way of helping the goat is to give her a drink of oatmeal water. This is prepared by pouring sufficient boiling water over a couple of handfuls of oatmeal to thin it down to easy drinking consistency and letting it cool a little. If, after kidding, the kids lie quietly in a corner of the shed, let them alone, but if they start bleating and appear to be searching for the mother's teats, gently guide them there. After the first meal they will be able to look after themselves.

Weak-Legged Goatling

IF you happen to notice that one of your kids is at all shaky on the legs—weak—you can safely take it that the animal requires to be built up as promptly as posible. Feed the animal plenty of oats—flaked if under two months old—and see that it takes plenty of exercise every day. If the animal is still taking liquid food, fed it more liberally. If it is being handfed, improve the quality and always give as much as will be taken at any one feed. If suckling, then the natural supply is probably short and the mother's milk should be supplemented by hand feeding. See also that, while in the house the kids have plenty of room to scamper about.

A farmer was trying hard to fill out a railway company claim sheet for a cow that had been killed on the track. He came down to the last item: "Disposition of carcass."

After puzzling over the question for some time, he wrote: "Kind and gentle."

Advance Styles Show Trend for Summer

Frocks for Early Dining

Left—Dotted chiffon in two colors. Centre—Wool lace ensemble for afternoon. Right—Jacket frock of black chiffon

DESIGNERS are very alert individuals. Never are they caught napping—rather they create far in anticipation of our needs. Hence the frock for twilight dining, a very nice gesture between the afternoon dress as we have known it and the formal evening gown.

The afternoon frock has evolved to the point of being now a very versatile sort of garment, ooe that may be donned after luncheon and worn right through the evening. For purposes of convenience it usually has an accompanying jacket which regutetes the degree of the formality of the ensemble.

Sleeveless dresses with jackete fit perfectly into our acheme of life todev. Expectelly in afternoon clothes is this duo most desirable. For the jacket obviates the necessity for a light wrap during Summer nights.

Three distinct types of dinner dress are illustrated, according to one's formal, semi, or informal needs. Tailored chiffons, or more plainly speaking, untrimmed costumes of chiffon of intricate cut, have a misleading air of simplicity which makes them extremely wearable.

Not all chiffons are in solid color for chic, nor are they in large floral prints. The polka dot design is eleveted above its former station this season since it is seen in not a few of the more formal type of dresses.

The dotted theme on contrasting colored grounds is effectively carried out in the afternoon model at the left designed with the moulded body line and cascading jabot of some length. Beige dots on a navy chiffon form the dress proper, while the trimming is of beige chiffon with navy dots.

Chiffon will continue to enjoy its present vogue for the Summer, it being an ideal fabric for warm weather wear. The sleeveless dress of black chiffon at the right of the group has lengthened drapes from the moulded hip line and a lace yoke to give an impression of transparency for evening wear. The jacket of matching chiffon makes the dress suitable for afternoon uses.

Wool lace, which is quite lovely in appearance, and was sponsored at the last Paris openings, is the medium chosen for the centre ensemble, comprising a sleeveless dress cut with swathed hipline low placed fullness in the skirt, and a low back decolletage partially covered with a silk scarf in two colors, and test but not least, is the matching jacket of the beige wool lace.

Nasturtium in Color Leads

WHEN Summer arrives, page the nasturtium! Its warm tones will be seen on city streets, on the beach, in shadowed gardens, at evening occasions.

Capucine, as the three shades are known, is the French name for nasturtium. Pele capucine is a delicate orangy beige with a glowing undertone, golden capucine takes on the radiant warmth of noontime, and the most brillitent of the three shades is intense and gorgeous in hue.

Nasturtium colors will be smart in shoes, in hats and in all accessories from sunrise to sunrise.

Three new pastels are an opaque green, subtly greyed in tone; a rose with a bit of glisten about its delicacy, and a crayon blue slightly tinted with violet.

There is a luminous new yellow and a bright shade of green; royal violet is a bright, rich, pansy color. Orange-red and brilliant blue are adaptable for sports, daytime frocks and evening wear, or any accessory.

Durable Hosiery

HANDSOME stockings of all silk, termed ingrain, are the better buy for the reason that the silk is dyed before the knitting process takes place and only the finest quality of silk is used, thus insuring greater wearing ability in spite of the exceeding sheerness. Colors are clearer without the annoying streaks common even to light shades in medium priced hosiery.

Spring Hats Seen in the City

THE medium brim hat has appeared like magic with the advent of Spring, but innumerable fashionably dressed women have affected the small type of hat, perfectly brimless or manipulated as a frame to the face. The size and shape of chapeaus is a question of suiting the face as well as the silhouette.

Many are the clever baku models worked like fabric, draped at the side after the manner of the bicorne, and very smart with teilleurs and slim line coats. These are attractive in the brighter blues and shining blacks.

The maniputeted brim is seen in both straw and in felt, usually longer on one side, with tucking or pleated effects, and the brim rolled abruptly off the face.

The little felt cap is a general favorite with the younger woman, cut flatteringly about the forehead and terminating at the side back with a jaunty bow or lengthening ends.

Bows of various sorts and materials adorn many of the new hats from beret to brimmed models. Bows are perched just anywhere on the crown, seemingly at the edge of the brim in front, or at the very back of the hat.

Crowns of Hats Are Smaller

LESS and less crown becomes perceptible in the new hats, whether it be in the small brimless types or in those that boast considerable brim. Crowns are shallow and, more than that, they are made to be worn off the forehead.

The first step in this direction was taken several years ago we must admit, when the felt hat appeared in the mode, but now with the fashioning of supple material, even in felt, in straw or novelty fabric, snug little affairs enhance the beauty or chic or perhaps both of the woman herself—a point near to the goal of millinery perfection. Both of these pleasing features are seen in small baku turbans draped cleverly as though this straw were a fabric.

Accessory Ensembles

REBOUX has a penchant and a talent for creating accessory ensembles which consist sometimes of hat, scarf and bag; again of bag, scarf and large sports handkerchief.

The most amazing factor of these now seen in city shops is the introduction of old-fashioned serge and, of course, a few novelty woolen materials frequently allied with silk.

Bright blue and navy serge fashion the hat after the manner of Reboux, the crown pressed into tiny tucks with a jockey brim finished by a pert bow at one side.

These same two colors in silk are combined in the long scarf in bold design, while the trim envelope bag is a repetition in color and fabric of the hat, tucked all over as well.

Startling is the second ensemble of Reboux origin, done in silk crepe of black, bright blue and orange hue. One has but to peruse the fashion column from Biarritz to note the prominence of such colors as bright blue and orange.

This envelope bag is removed from the category of the ordinary by its very design and the cord handles at the side. The stunning scarf is of the long variety and the handkerchief is of generous proportions, but lightly treated with the contrasting pattern.

Styles in Terms of Silk

CHIFFON in solid colors and prints ranging from huge florals to the tinest of dots are more than well represented in Summer dress models presented now in the shops.

But tailored chiffon in dresses and suits is one of the most wearable of the season's daytime offerings. For street wear the chiffon suit should prove to be a boon to womankind in warm weather.

Especially appealing is this in a subtle print, one of the modernized yet conservative patterns on a background of black, blue or green. The model shown may be had in rose, lavender or gold as well.

There is no departure in this coat from the classic jacket of the hour, but, with a decided gesture toward the texture of the material, the designer has used sunburn pleating for the skirt, attaching it to a hipband of three folds of the fabric, simulating wide tucks. A print collar is joined to the blouse of white chiffon and worn outside the jacket in a scarf effect.

With absolute disregard for Summer temperatures, the frock of flat crepe persists beside lighter and sheerer materials. Perhaps it is designed with a mind for the cool days when a slightly heavier dress is much more in keeping with the weather than chiffons. Needless to say, fashion decrees that there be at least one frock of flat crepe in every modish wardrobe.

Simplicity characterizes the most attractive models and usually these are of the one-piece variety. A long loose blouse is set above a wide hipline which is quite deep at one end and narrows into a large bow tie at the other, the pleated skirt joined in a diagonal line thereby. Tiny ruffles finish the edge of the colter pointed in the back, trims the cuffs and tie ends of the attractive frock pictured. This is fashionable in bteck, white or grey, one of the surprise colors of the Summer.

Spectator Accessories

THERE is a wide margin between the accessories suitable for spectator wear and those for participation in active sports. Bags are nil in the latter case, there are few gloves; shoes have a great difference in the height of the heel, and jewelry is of another class.

The spectator may be clothed in a good-looking tweed coat, or one of basket weave or velveteen over a silk frock; in a novelty knitted ensemble, the fabric in an open and lace-like construction, the four-piece type being generally favored, with interchangeable blouses and skirts, or in a sleeveless printed silk dress with solid color silk jacket, print lined and reversible. Whatever the type of costume chosen, certain accessories have a mutual spectator air. They neither have close kinship with street types nor with the very sports kind. In a later article the latter will be shown.

New in gloves is the slashed slip-on illustrated, with copper buttons and trimming touches—an excellent copper touch for jewelry of this sort. Or there are smart two-clasp gloves of die or washable cape sewn by hand to lend the correct glove note to the costume.

The sabot Oxford is a charming Spring style in shoes, sketched. It is in champagne kid with pastel trimmings and should be worn with pastel hose. Strap models of white buckskin trimmed in tan calf with all-leather heel are smart with hosiery to match the skin.

The flat bag made of cotton fabric or an awning striped linen is summery and chic, as is the squarish pouch of novelty woolen fabric. And the leather pouch with double handle slightly reminiscent of the school bag though in a smaller version, is quite an important type.

Sun-tan pearls are very popular for costumes of this distinctive classification—spectator sports. Or copper in carved effects gives the sun toned colors. Galalith is shown in chokers of barbaric beads.

All white and white with colored accessories such as brown, red or yellow form costumes very flattering to sun tanned skin. Black with white and with color is very smart indeed, but trying to the majority of complexions.

Yellow the yellow-greens and the yellow-reds are to the fore among fashionable colors for Summer. In this group must be included the famous nasturtium shades of Patou.

Blue in several tones already has been worn to a great extent and there is every reason for its popularity to continue throughout the warm months, especially dark blue combined with white.

Black and white, black and purple, and black and yellow are very high in fashion regard, particularly in tweeds.

PALE ROSE AND BLUE

Smart with printed frocks in white and black and in blue are blue coats and accessories in rose color of rose quartz or coral hue. Where rose is the costume shade, accessories of black on navy blue are attractive, notably navy hats and flat crepe bags.

Shining Fabrics Make Smart Wraps

Left—Semi-sports ensemble coat. Centre—Street ensemble of blue and apricot. Right—Double cape evening wrap after Molyneux.

NOW that the silk suit has come to reign for the warm months, the coat, ensemble and evening wrap of light weight shimmering materials such as synthetic silks are no negligible quantity in the mode. To their beauty in various weaves is added the fact that they are adaptable to moulding the lines of the figure and are delightfully cool, an attribute much to be desired in a season when fashion decrees that the coat or wrap is a requisite in smart fashion.

Capes have been tried out during the first part of the season and have attained the height of success. Capes adorn coats for spectator sports, for the street, and are especially marked in evening wraps. Single capes, double and even triple capes ripple from snug shoulder lines.

Dark toned tricot of synthetic quality is employed skilfully for the cape coat shown in rear view to call attention to its double trimming bands of lighter hue, which follow the dip of the capo hemline. To create an ensemble this same material of high sheen in a small conventional print is used for the pleated dress showing a few inches below the coat length.

Moires of lustrous and permenent quality appear in Summer colors for ensembles. And not always is one color developed throughout. Milgrim males a blouse of apricot yellow to the pleated skirt and scarf coat of blue in the street ensemble pictured. The sleeves are rather wide at the wrist and correspondingly the fronts of the coat are folded back into wide revers.

Above an evening gown of dark toned permanent moire is worn a slinky wrap of synthetic taffeta, caped in tier arrangement after an original by Molyneux. It is unlined to allow the fabric to sink into the lines of the figure and to permit the capes to ripple gracefully.

Jackets Are Requisite for Summer

IN years when suits have been supreme in the mode, not all women succumbed for the reasoo that skirts and blouses are far from becoming to all figures. Short jackets are a boon to slender women and when a suit such as that of this season may consist just as easily of a one-piece dress and short coat, it is entirely wearable.

Silk suits are appearing in such numbers that it follows they will be worn through the entire Summer, and they are much smarter for town use than separate frocks.

With the idea of Summer comfort, the majority of these little coats are unlined and therefore the dress plus jacket is only a trifle more expensive than the lone frock.

Since blue has reached the heighte of exceptional chic this Spring, the suit of navy flat crepe is a wise choice. Stitching is the sole trim on the model at the left to trim the collar, triangular shaped pockets and the dress belt. An attractive neckline and bow tie enhance the yoke type of blouse, joined to a cluster pleated skirt. This model is shown as well in green, tan, or the pastel shades.

Slightly of sports genre is the suit of thin wool crepe at the right in such colors as green, the fashionable powder blue, wood rose, rocket red, independent blue or maize. With it is worn a gayly striped silk blouse in harmonizing colors, the stripes maniputeted in three ways.

Gingham makes many a suit for the Summer woman of fashion. And this model may be had in maize, flesh, orchid, blue, navy or green, checked with white. The dress simulating a skirt of the same and a blouse of solid color gingham really is a convenient one-piece affair.

Shoes Designed for Sports

THE white shoe trimmed with color is advocated for sports wear. A white silk elk model of the rubber sole type is shown with a saddle effect in black calf. Or an Oxford of white buck with crepe rubber sole is trimmed with black or tan calf.

A derivation of the Deauville sandal this season has a woven vamp in white with colors.

For the spectator an Oxford with built-up leather heel is shown in white buck sharply contrasted in trimming of brown or black calf.

FALL TONES FOR SUMMER

There is a decided richness to the colors seen in printed dresses and blouses reminiscent of the sun-ripened shades of the Fall such as scarlet and russet and deep green.

CHESS COLUMN

"Good company's a chessboard."
—Byron's "Don Juan."

By T. H. PIPER

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BLACK—R. Reel

WHITE—Dr. Alechin

The play is the end of the game which follows:

WHITE	BLACK
26. Q K 2	26. Q N 2
27. Q B 3	27. Q x Q
28. P x Q	28. K N 1
29. R B 8 ch	29. K B 2
30. P Q 5	30. N B 8
31. R B 7 ch	31. K B 1
32. P Q 8	32. B B 4
33. R x R P	33. N N 3
34. P B 4	34. N x B P
35. R N 7	35. N N 3
36. R x Q N P	36. N x P
37. R N 5	37. N B 8 ch
38. K B 2	38. B K 5

If 38....., N R 5, 39. P Q R 4 wins.

39. R N 8 ch Black resigns

Else P Q 7 follows.

A game from the champion's exhibition in Milwaukee. Of all the openings, the Vienna is the most prolific in beautiful variations and in throwing off strong branches quite close to the root of the main stem. An example follows.

WHITE Dr. Alechin	BLACK R. Reel
1. P K 4	1. P K 4
2. N Q B 3	2. N K B 2
3. P B 4	3. P Q 4
4. P x K P	4. N x P
5. N B 3	5. B K B 4
6. P Q 3	6. N x N
7. P x N	7. B K 2
8. B K 2	8. Castles
9. Castles	9. P B 4
10. R N 1	10. P Q N 3
11. Q K 1	11. N Q 2
12. Q N 2	12. B N 3
13. N N 5	13. B x N
14. B x B	14. Q K 1
15. P Q 4	15. P B 3
16. B B 3	16. P x B
17. B x P ch	17. K R 1
18. R x R ch	18. N x R
19. B x R	19. Q x B
20. Q x P	20. P x P
21. P x P	21. Q K 5
22. Q Q 2	22. N K 3
23. R K B 1	23. Q Q 4
24. P B 4	24. Q x B P
25. R B 1	25. Q R 3

The remaining moves are with the diagram at the head of the column.

We are indebted to The American Chess Bulletin for game No. 1.

A bright specimen of Russian chess follows.

WHITE Grigorieff	BLACK Makogonoff
1. P K 4	1. P Q B 4
2. N Q B 3	2. N Q B 3
3. K N K 2	3. P Q 3
4. P K N 3	4. P K N 3
5. B N 2	5. B N 2
6. Castles	6. B Q 2
7. P Q N 3	7. P K R 4

7. . . N K B 3!

8. P K R 3	8. R N 1
9. B N 2	9. P Q N 4
10. R N 1	10. Q B 1
11. K R 2	11. N R 3
12. N Q 5	12. P K 4
13. P B 4	13. B K 3
14. P x P	14. P x P
15. N (K 2) B 4!	15. R N 2
16. N x B	16. Q x N
17. P Q 2	17. P N 5
18. B B 1	18. N Q 5
19. B N 5	19. N N 1

A white piece must not be allowed to play to K B 8.

20. P B 3	20. P x P
21. N x P	21. P R 3
22. B K 2	22. B B 1
23. N Q 5	23. B Q 3
24. R N 2	24. P R 5
25. P N 4	25. P B 4

Realizing that he is being steadily overborne by a Steinitzian "accumulation of minute advantages," he seeks to escape by a counter-attack.

26. N P x P	26. P x P
27. B x N	27. P x B ch
28. P K 5!!	28. Q x P ch
29. N B 4	29. R K 2
30. K R 1	30. K Q 1!
31. R K 2	31. Q N 2
32. R x R	32. K x R
33. Q K 2 ch	33. B K 4
34. R K 1	34. K Q 3
35. N N 8!	Black resigns

We take the game and notes (in part) from The British Chess Magazine.

CHESS NEWS AND NOTES

England—Universities Tour Adjudication of unfinished games gives the comparative standing for the tour of the London Chess clubs, including the interuniversity match, as follows: Cambridge comes out a little the better, as they scored 22 points from 52 players, an average of 42.3; Oxford scored 18½ from 48 players, an average of 40.8.

Scarborough Festival—The premier event was a tie between Dr. Tartakower and Saunders, of the London C.C., each scoring 8; Sir George Thomas was third with 5½.

London Chess Club—At a meeting to present a testimonial of £150 to J. Walter Russell, hon secretary, on his eightieth birthday, a letter was read from Sir George Thomas, acknowledging the instruction given him when a boy by the honorary secretary of thirty-five years' service to the club, where games are played under ideal conditions, a continued presence of absolute quiet and a complete absence of irresponsible onlookers.

Scotland — Edinburgh Ladies' Chess Club—The report of the annual general meeting (president, Miss Mair, LL.D.) showed that the club which started with nine members in 1904, has ninety-one ladies and four juniors. Weekly lessons in theory are given by the hon. secretary, the club champion, Mrs. Ritchie.

France—What has become of the gold and silver chessmen presented to Paul Morphy on his return to America in May, 1859? was asked by a French chess magazine, to which Count Gasquet replied: "Morphy's chessmen used to be in my family, following a transaction between the family of the famous player and M. de Gasquet, living at New Orleans. The pieces represent the Gaelic and Roman armies, in gold and silver, very cleverly worked on bases of rose-colored stone. The Rooks are represented by four elephants, with rubies as eyes. Unfortunately I do not know what has become of these pieces. The board is in my home at Dinard. It bears a silver plate on which is inscribed the names of the donors. The board is in ebony and the squares in mother of pearl (nacre)." The Count concluded by saying "If one day I find the pieces, I will let you know."

United States — Bradley Beach Tournament—Ten players competed in a rapid transit, which fell to Dr. Alechin with 8-1, Kupchik, 7½-1½; H. Steiner, 7-2. Maurice Fox, Canadian champion, won from Rafall Cintron, of Porto Rica in the first round of the major event.

Los Angeles—Dr Alechin played fifty picked experts winning 39 to 5 losses and 6 draws. A high school boy was the first to win. The spacious gymnasium of the Athletic Club was none too large for the crowd, the largest chess gathering in local history. G. Paterson, county champion, and Harry Borochow, former city champion, both drew their games.

San Francisco — The world's champion spent two days at the Mechanics' Institute C.C. After a luncheon tendered him by W. C. Van Antwerp, he played three consultation games, of which he won 2 and drew 1. E. J. Clark, city champion; H. Oross, University of California, and C. Bagby survived with a draw to their credit after five and a half hours' play. A. J. Fink, State champion, and Professor Branch lost, and Vedensky, Smith and Van Antwerp did likewise.

A simultaneous against 43 opponents resulted in Dr Alechin winning 27, drawing 8, and losing 8. Among the winners were A. J. Fink, E. W. Gruer, D. Vedensky and Dr. Epstein, whilst Dr. Lovegrove, Druillard and Professor Branch drew. A great feat against so many strong players, some near master strength. A great champion is Alechin.

Obituary—The death of Richard Reti, the eloquent apostle of the hyper-moderns, gives great sorrow and regret to his many admirers. Born at Pesinok, Czechoslovakia, in 1889, he studied mathematics and physics at the University of Vienna, but says he: "I soon devoted myself to chess because I discovered I had more talent for it." His first important victory was at Kaschau, 1918, winning 10 out of 11 and topping Vidmar, Schlecter and Breyer; at Goteburg he was first, above Rubenstein and Bogoljubow; at Teplitz-Schonaw he was equal first with Spielman; at New York, 1924, he sprang into fame by beating Capablanca, the Cuban's first defeat for eight years, and won first brilliancy prize vs Bogoljubow, an artistic gem, says Dr Alechin, an epochal game, the opening a grand strategical conception, the centre stormed after convergent pressure by fianchettoed Bishops, with a problem-like finish, which lent an added charm to Reti's masterpiece.

The Daily Cross-Word Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Flat surface.
4. Warble.
7. Loving.
11. Pronoun.
13. Worship.
14. 3.1416.
15. Craft.
17. Organ of vision.
18. Chart.
19. Constellation.
21. Enthusiast.
22. Non-military citizens.
23. Frozen water.
24. French King.
25. Unit.
26. Tree.
28. Color.
30. King of Bashan.
31. City in S. W. Illinois.
33. Note of the scale.
34. Blew up.
36. Wickedness.
37. Grove.

DOWN

1. Melody.
2. God of Babylon.
3. Chalice.
4. Bring suit.
5. Exists.
6. Suitcase.
8. Poem.
9. Supporters of Kings.
10. Mineral rock.
12. Copy.
14. Flowers.
16. Instant.
18. Nobleman's estate.
20. Hail!
21. Distant.
25. Percolate.
26. According to.
27. Very warm.
29. Expired.
31. Total.
32. Recent.
34. Prefix: two.
35. Act.

M	U	S	E	S		S	E	E	M
O		A	R	T		P		N	O
O	B	I		A		E	D		R
R	E	C	O	L	L	E	C	T	S
			T	E		D	I	R	F
S	A	S	H		A	E			
P	R	I	M	O	R	D	I	A	L
O		P	A		I		I	D	O
O	G		N		S	O	W		T
L	O	G	S		E	D	I	N	A

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

A party of recruits were taken to the shooting range for musketry practice for the first time.

The men fired at a target 500 yards away, and not one hit it. They were next tried at a target 200 yards away, and still everyone missed. They were at last tried at one just 100 yards away, but no one managed to hit it.

"Attention!" thundered the drill sergeant. "Fix bayonets! Charge! It's your only chance!"

World-Famous Stories

BAKED BEANS AND CULTURE

By EUGENE FIELD

(Eugene Field, 1850-1895, was an American humorist and poet. He is chiefly remembered for "A Little Book of Profitable Tales" and "Little Boy Blue.")

The members of the Boston Commercial Club are charming gentlemen. They are now the guests of the Chicago Commercial Club, and are being shown every attention that our market affords. They are a fine looking lot, well-dressed and well-mannered, with just enough whiskers to be impressive without being imposing.

"This is a darned likely village," said Seth Adams last evening. "Everbody is rushin' around and doin' business as if his life depended on it. Should think they'd git all tuckered out 'fore night, but I'll be darned if there ain't just as many folks on the street after nightfall as there was afore. We're stoppin' at the Palmer Tavern, an' my chamber is up so all-fired high that I can count the meetin' house steeples from the winder."

Last night five or six of these Boston merchants sat around the office of the hotel and discussed matters and things. Pretty soon they got to talking about beans; this was a subject they dwelt on with evident pleasure.

"Waal, sir," said Ephraim Taft, a wholesale dealer in maple sugar and flavored lozenges, "you can talk 'bout your new-fashioned dishes and high-falutin' vittles, but when you come right down to it, there ain't no better eatin' than a dish o' baked pork 'n' beans."

"That's so, b'gosh!" chorused the others.

"The truth o' the matter is," continued Mr. Taft, "that beans is good for everybody—'t don't make no difference whether he's well or sick. Why I've known a thousand folks—waal, maybe not quite a thousand; but—waal, now, jest to show, take the case of Bill Holbrook—you remember Bill, don't yo?"

"Bill Holbrook?" said Mr. Ezra Eastman; "why, of course I do! Used to live down to Brimfield, next to the Moses Howard farm."

"That's the man," resumed Mr Taft. "Waal, Bill fell sick—kinder moped round, tired-like for a week or so, an' tuck to his bed. His folks sent for Doc Smith—ol' Doc Smith that used to carry a pair of leather saddle-bags. Gosh, they don't have such doctors nowadays. Waal, the doc, he come; an' he look at his tongue, an' felt of his pulse, and said that Bill had typhus fever. Ol' Doc Smith was very careful and conservative man, an' he never said nothin' unless he knowed he was right.

"Bill he began to git wuss, an' he kep' a-gittin' wuss every day. One mornin' ol' Doc Smith ses.

"'Look a'here, Bill, I guess you're a goner; as I figger it, you can't hol' out till nightfall.'

"Bill's mother insisted on a con-sul-tation bein' held; so ol' Doc Smith sent over for young Doc Brainerd. I calc'late that, next to ol' Doc Smith, young Doc Brainerd was the smartest doctor that ever lived.

"Waal, pretty soon along come Doc Brainerd; and he an' Doc Smith went all over Bill, an' looked at his tongue, an' felt of his pulse an' told him it was a gone case, an' that he had got to die. Then they went into the spare chamber to hold their con-sul-tation."

"Waal, Bill, he lay there in the front room a-pantin' an' a-gaspin' and' a-wond'rin' whether it wuz true. As he was a-thinkin', up comes the girl to git a clean tablecloth out of the clothes press, an' she left the door 'ajar as she come in. Bill, he gave a sniff, an' his eyes grew more natural like; he gathered together all the strength he had, an' he raised himself up on one elbow an' sniffed again.

"'Sary,' says he, 'wot's that a-cookin'?'

"'Beans,' says she, 'beans for dinner.'

"'Sary,' says the dyin' man, 'I must hev a plate of them beans!'

"'Sakes alive, Mr Holbrook,' says she, 'if you wuz to eat any o' them beans, it'd kill you!'

"'If I've got to die,' says he, 'I'm a-goin' to die happy; fetch me a plate of them beans.'

"Waal Sary, she pikes off to the doctors.

"'Look a-here,' says she, 'Mr Holbrook smelt the beans a-cookin', an' he says he's got to have some. Now, what shall I do about it?'

"'Waal, Doctor,' says Doc Smith, 'what do you think about it?'

"'He's got to die anyhow,' says Doc Brainerd, 'an' I don't suppose the beans'll make any difference.'

"'That's the way I figger it,' says Doc Smith; 'in all my practice I never heard of beans hurtin' anybody.'

"So Sary went down to the kitchen an' brought up a plateful of hot beans. Doc Smith raised Bill up in bed, an' Doc Brainerd put a piller under his head and under the small of his back. Then Sary sat down by the bed an' fed them beans into Bill until Bill couldn't hold any more.

"'How air you feelin' now?' asked Doc Smith.

"Bill didn't say nothin'; he just smiled sort of peaceful-like an' closed his eyes.

"'The end hes come,' said Doc Brainerd sof'ly; 'Bill is dyin'.'

"Then Bill murmured far-away kinda like: 'I ain't dyin'; I'm dead an' in heaven.'

"Next mornin' Bill got out of bed an' done a big day's work on the farm, an' he ain't had a sick spell since. Them beans cured him!

"I tell you, sir, that beans is——" etc., etc., etc.

HOW MAIL SERVICE COST IS DIVIDED

Various Expenditures Make Up Canada's Total of Millions of Dollars

OTTAWA, June 13.—Cost of the Canadian postal service in its various branches is given by the Ottawa Journal in its special column, "A Fact a Day About Canada," as follows:

To handle the millions upon millions of letters, postcards and parcels which are delivered to the people of Canada, at near and far points each year, cost the country in the fiscal year of 1928, the great sum of $32,379,185—in the gross that is, as the sale of postage stamps and other general revenue made the postoffice service almost self-sustaining. The net deficit on the year's operations was $1,850,040.

There were two chief items of expense. The first was salaries and wages of postmasters, clerks, postmen, drivers, etc., and the second the cost of transportation.

Salaries and wages amounted to $16,510,597, while conveyance of the mails cost $14,301,163. In this item was included the modest sum of $374,633 for the supply and repair of mail bags.

The cost of conveyance of the mails was subdivided into rail cost, water cost, air cost, and cost by "ordinary land," which means delivery by stages and other vehicles from the trains to rural postoffice and the rural mail service by which farmers have the mail delivered to their front gates.

The greatest cost of conveyance was by railways, and "by ordinary land" as the postoffice department designates it. The railways were paid $7,437,892, and the R.F. route deliveries and other overland deliveries were paid $6,291,180. Mail carried by water cost $434,032. Mail carried by air (though only in the infancy of the service) cost $63,425.

Other main items of expense which went to make up the thirty-two millions of total expenditure, include the cost of printing postage stamps, $277,044; purchase of rural rail boxes, $109,042; printing of various sort, $348,576, and miscellaneous expenditures of $328,748.

A new wheat, known as R-49, may be the long awaited rust-resistant wheat. Canadian Government plant breeders have long been experimenting in an effort to develop a variety of wheat that will resist rust and, at the same time, be of high-grade milling quality. Emmer, which is a rough, large, rather poor yielding grain of the wheat family, which has seemed to be rust-resistant, has been crossed with Marquis wheat and the progeny again crossed with Marquis, resulting in a grain which is three-quarters Marquis stock. The plant breeders have carried on their experiments at the Manitoba Agricultural College and from as many as eighty-six strains developed, R-49 seems so far to be the most promising.

SOUND AUCTION BRIDGE

By WILBUR C. WHITEHEAD

The World's Greatest Authority

Slam Bid at Contract

North: ♠ A Q; ♥ K Q 8 8 8; ♦ A Q; ♣ Q J 4 2

West: ♠ K J 10 8 8 8; ♥ A J 7 4; ♦ 6 4; ♣ 6

East: ♠ 7 8 4; ♥ 10 8 2; ♦ 10 8 5 8; ♣ 8 8 7

South: ♠ 8 2; ♥ 3; ♦ K J 8 7 2; ♣ A K 10 8 2

Auction Bidding.

	1st Rd.	2nd Rd.	3rd Rd.
S	1 ♣	2 ♦	Pass
W	1 ♠	Pass	Pass
N	2 ♥	4 ♣	
E	Pass	Pass	

Contract Bidding.

	1st Rd.	2nd Rd.	3rd Rd.
S	1 ♣	4 ♦	Pass
W	1 ♠	Pass	Pass
N	3 ♥	6 ♣	
E	Pass	Pass	

SALIENT POINTS OF THE BIDDING

Auction—South holding a good two suiter, the Club suit an original bid and the Diamond suit a secondary one, correctly opens the bidding with one Club, and shows the Diamond suit on the second round, following North's take-out with two Hearts. Upon South's showing his two-suited holding, North supports Clubs, abandoning his own denied Heart suit and showing South his preference for Clubs over Diamonds.

Contract—North's forcing overcall of three Hearts demands a further bid by partner. South responds by showing his second suit, Diamonds, whereupon North with powerful support for a Club-Diamond two-suiter, including the Ace-Queen of Spades over West's holding, bids for a Small Slam, six Clubs.

THE PLAY

At contract, West's best opening against a Slam contract is the Ace of Hearts, and it is doubtful if he holds any better opening at Auction. Whether he continues with Hearts or shifts is immaterial, as East-West cannot possibly win another trick.

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PEOPLE ARE FUNNY THAT WAY!

It is an extraordinary fact that people who are rigidly careful with Fire in their own homes are utterly reckless with it when out of doors. EIGHTY PER CENT of our Fire Losses last year would have been prevented had people tried to remember that FIRE is an element with which it is NEVER safe to be careless.

PREVENT FOREST FIRES! YOU CAN HELP!

BRITISH COLUMBIA FOREST SERVICE

Warm the liniment, spread it on brown paper and cover the affected parts. It eases pain, relieves stiffness.

The family medicine chest.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

MISS ADVENTURES

Modern Inconvenience

By Mary Tuttle